

Amusement
News

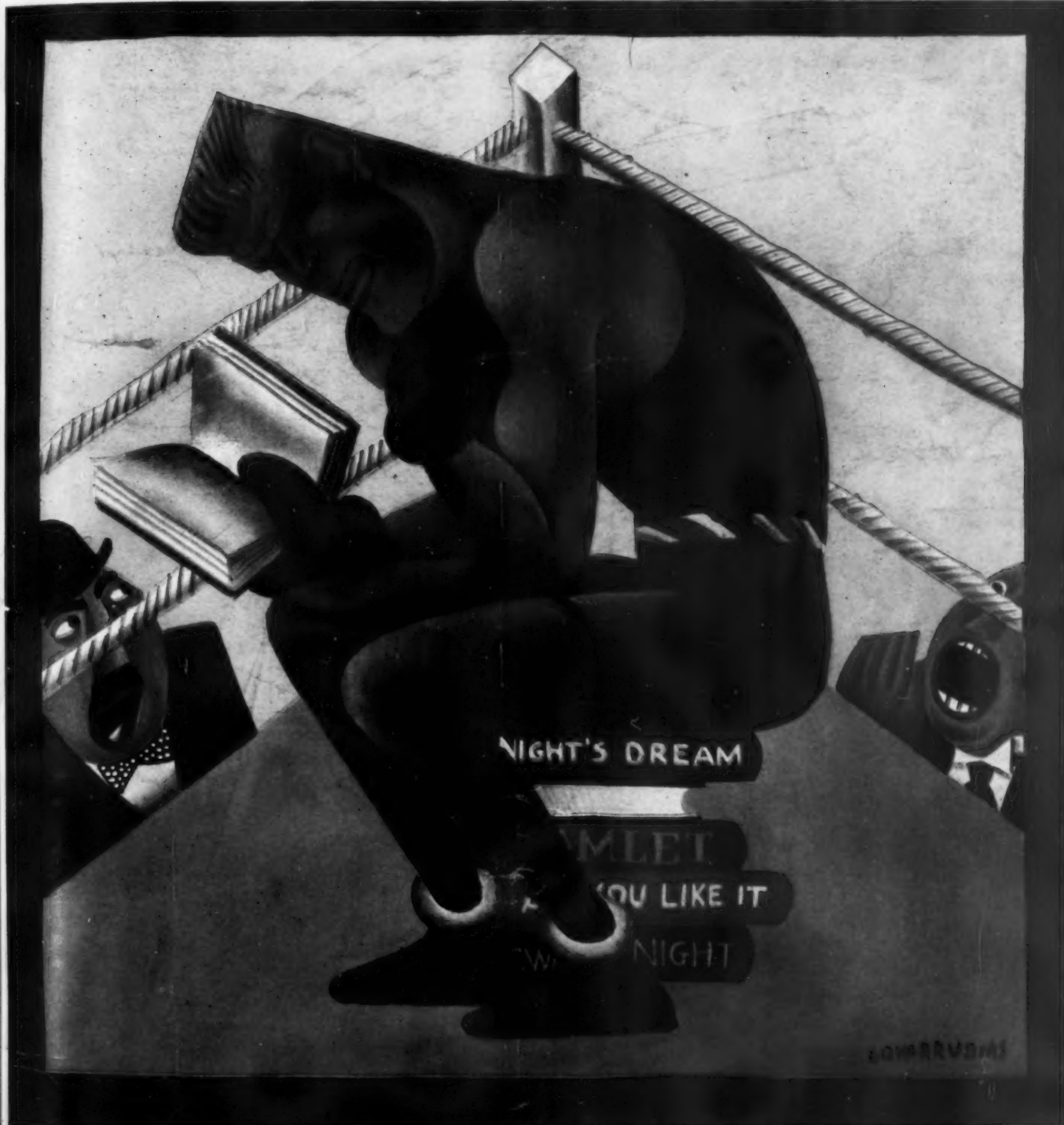
LIFE

Personalities
Sport

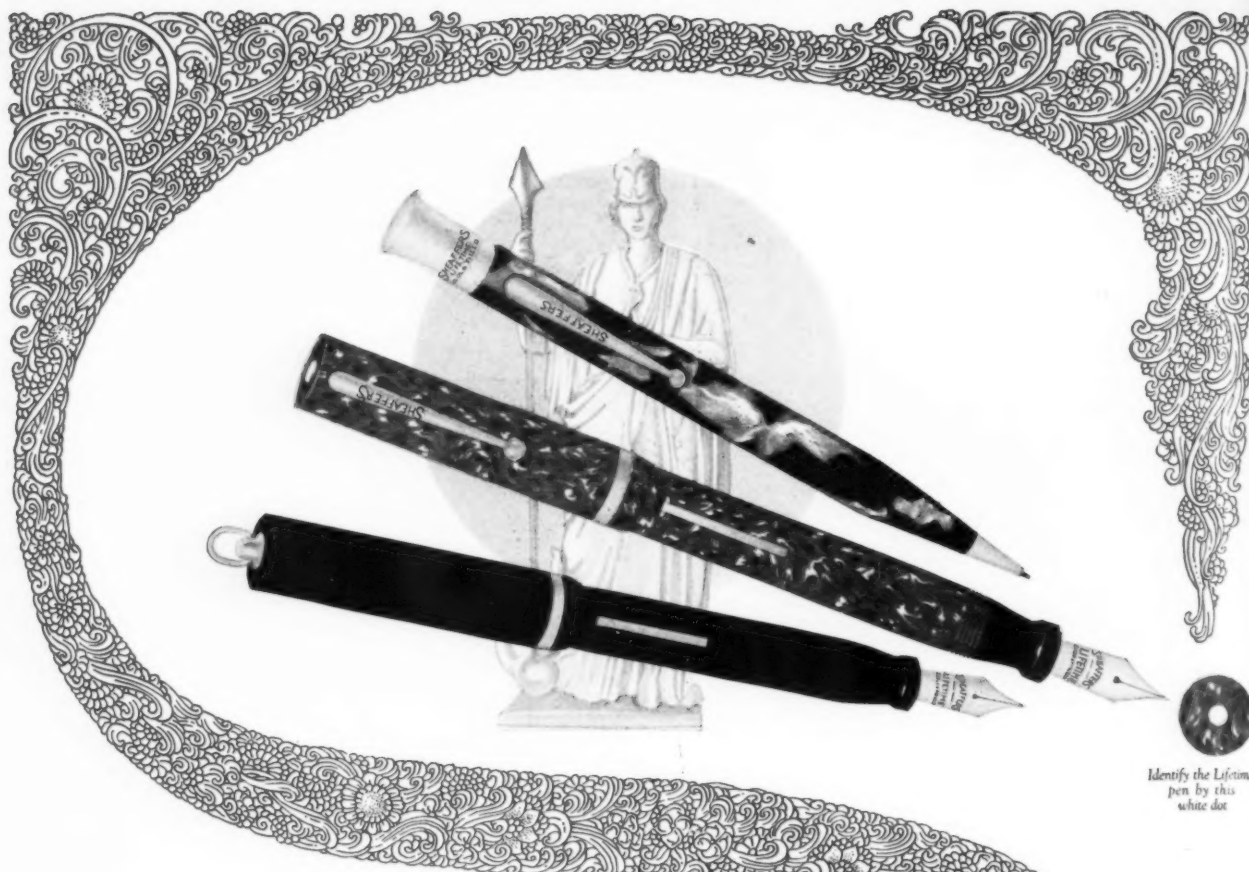
15 Cents



19 1928



The Biggest Fight ✕ By WILL ROGERS



Identify the Lifetime pen by this white dot

The Lifetime[®] pen has become an American classic

A magnificent leadership in the pen field has come to the Lifetime because of its downright merit. It was the first pen of colorful beauty, first in supreme mechanical nicety, first in high dependability. Its iridium nib easily makes three clear carbon copies of your personal letters and memoranda. Instant response to lightest touch makes it the ideal pen for the Palmer handwriting system. And its non-corrosive alloys, costly gold and brilliant radite, build it to endure for a lifetime, guaranteed free of all repair charges. Ask any Sheaffer dealer to show you how mechanically nice the Lifetime pen is made.

"Lifetime" pen in green or black, \$8.75, Ladies', \$7.50—pencil, \$4.25. Others lower

De Luxe "Lifetime" pen, \$10, pencil, \$5

At better stores everywhere

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PENS • PENCILS • SKRIP

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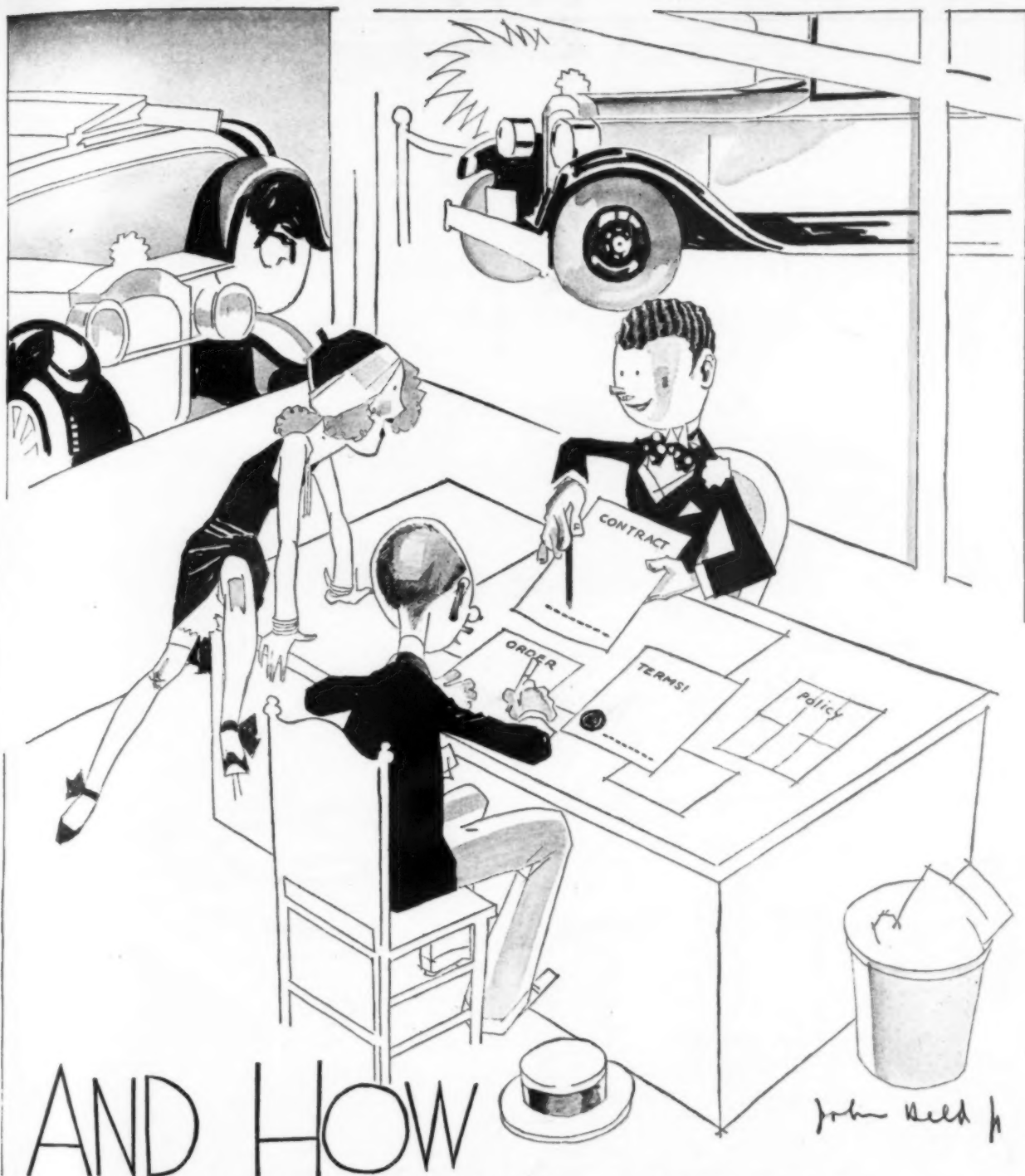


Blue Cap Leads
15 cents



Onyx or Italian Marble Lifetime Desk Fountain-pen Set, \$11

DONALD DENTON



AND HOW

are you going to know exactly what you are signing for, in the way of a new car? Simply by knowing for certain that it has Timken Bearings. You may not know exactly the engineering significance of Timken tapered construction, Timken *POSITIVELY ALIGNED ROLLS*, and Timken-made electric steel. But you can know that there is no greater assurance of durability, quiet, and freedom from attention. The great majority of motor vehicle manufacturers know it, and build in Timken Bearings. Find out, from the man who tries to sell you.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO., CANTON, OHIO

TIMKEN *Tapered Roller* **BEARINGS**

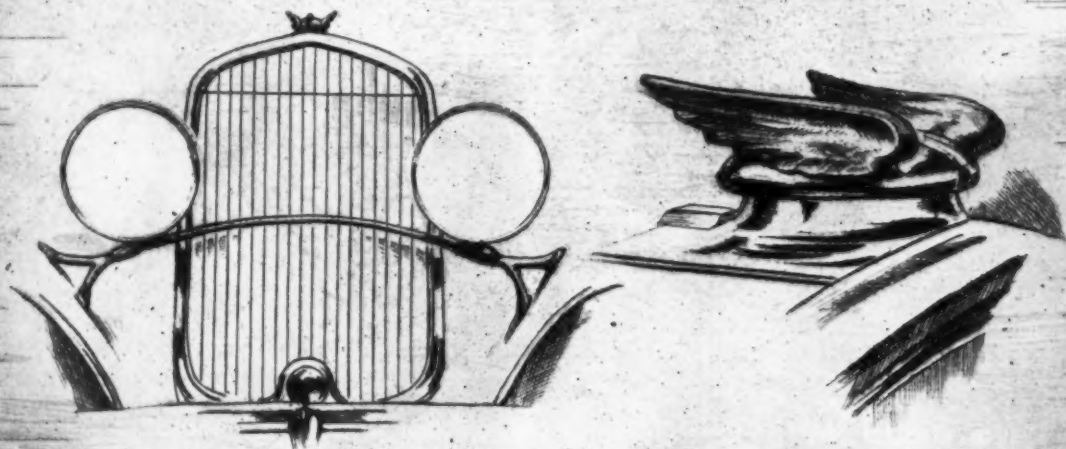
CHRYSLER

PRESENTS

ENTIRELY NEW STYLE CREATIONS IN THE FINE CAR FIELD



New Chrysler "75" Roadster



WALTER P. CHRYSLER and his associates have held from the first that, constantly to extend its leadership, Chrysler must periodically create new modes which would proclaim themselves, almost upon sight, as overwhelmingly more attractive.

Public demand for progress and improvement in performance and style is insistent and insatiable.

The Chrysler designing, engineering and manufacturing forces therefore feel that any new Chrysler offering must be extraordinary in every sense of the word to satisfy that demand for performance and style.

The two entirely new Chrysler Sixes—the "75" and "65"—have been produced in pursuance of these principles.

They are deliberately designed and executed to inspire public admiration to such a pitch that they will immediately supersede all that has gone before and usher into existence an entirely new motoring vogue.

We are confident that all who are even remotely interested in the progress of motor car artistry will find themselves amply repaid by their immediate inspection of these two new Chrysler style achievements.

New Chrysler "75" Prices—Royal Sedan, \$1535; 2-Pass. Coupe (with rumble seat), \$1535; Roadster (with rumble seat), \$1535; Town Sedan, \$1635. New Chrysler "65" Prices—Business Coupe, \$1040; Roadster, \$1065; 2-Door Sedan, \$1065; Touring Car, \$1075; 4-Door Sedan, \$1145; Coupe (with rumble seat), \$1145. New Chrysler Plymouth—Six Body Styles, \$670 to \$725. All prices f.o.b. Detroit.



LIFE



THE BOOTLEGGERS vs. AL SMITH

Tex Rickard Never Promoted a Bigger Fight Than That

by

WILL ROGERS

TEX RICKARD was one of the Famous Fifteen citizens who came out strong against Bunk and asked me to run for President on an Anti-Bunk ticket.

Now I guess he's sorry he did it.

The way things are looking with the seat sale for this Tunney-Heeney "fight" as Tex calls it, Tex is wishing he'd never got himself mixed up with a gang that's trying to eliminate Bunk from public life.

Take Bunk away, and where is Tex going to get his customers from? He's got to pay Tunney a "Cool Million," and to raise that amount of jack he's got to get the public's interest up to "Fever Heat."

Now you can't get the public hot about anything unless you feed 'em some Bunk. A lot of the smartest men that ever lived, including Tex himself, learned that in infancy. When they first started thinking up Alabais to tell Teacher the day they didn't do their home-work they were mastering the elementary grades of Bunk.

So I'm afraid our party will have to get along without any more support from Tex Rickard. He's walking out on us

because he never did belong in a party that is for the benefit of those that want NOTHING and have a reasonable expectation of getting it.

• • •

ANYWAY, the Biggest Fight this summer isn't being promoted by Tex Rickard, which is proved by the fact that seats for this fight are free.

The real battle is between Al Smith and the Bootleggers.

Al is trying to ruin their business.

Now a lot of the Bootleggers were friendly to Al because he advertised their product by talking about it. They didn't vote for him but they liked him.

But now Al is getting himself in wrong with the Moneyed Element by actually coming out against Prohibition and talking as though he'd step in and do something about it if elected.

Among the many letters that have come in to my Campaign Headquarters is one called "An Open Letter to Al Smith." It reads as follows:

"HON. ALFRED E. ('AL') SMITH,

"SIR:

"It is with a sense of alarm approaching consternation that the large group of representative business men for which I have the honor to speak officially has noted the widespread, indeed nationwide, publicity which has been given by the press to your publicly expressed views respecting modification of the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution.

"Far less acute students of political economy than yourself are aware that modification is the first step toward repeal, and repeal in this case cannot fail to react unfavorably upon the moral, physical and economic welfare of the nation to the last degree.

"As the humble spokesman for the business group of and for which I speak,

may I be permitted frankly but with the utmost friendliness to point out to you and to those who are ready and eager to adopt the pronouncements of a statesman of your recognized sagacity, what may be the results of following the course to which you have inclined your spoken approval?

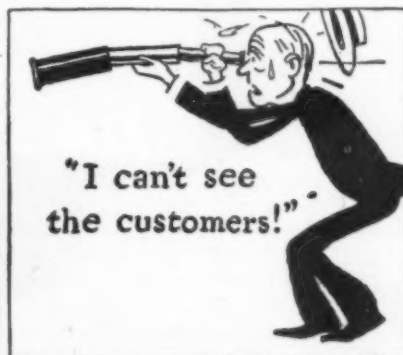
"It should be unnecessary to state that no other industry is so essential to the continued health and well-being of every man, woman and child in the country as that of the surreptitious supply of alcoholic stimulant, or as it is more popularly known, of bootlegging.

"To the amazing rapidity, fungoits in its swiftness, of the growth of bootlegging, at once our youngest and largest industry, every American citizen may point with pride. Barely ten years old, it supplies every American home, with the exception of a few isolated Kansas settlements, with the chief necessary of modern life. In its brief but spectacular career it has enlisted the services of the workers of every known trade and profession. Iron and steel workers erect its



"I can't see the ring!"

In the Tunney-Dempsey fights, it was the "Ringside" seat-holder who needed a telescope.



"I can't see the customers!"

In the Tunney-Heeney fight, Tex Rickard is the one who seems to be having trouble with his vision.

giant stills, farmers grow its grain, chemists put that grain into its alcohol, the printing trade supplies its labels, ships, railroads and automobiles are used in transporting it, arms manufacturers supply to its hijackers the implements necessary to remove it from these conveyances, lawyers are necessary to keep its operatives out of jail, doctors cure its imbibers, policemen may augment their inadequate salaries by their legitimate co-operation. Furthermore, in applying the term, 'sacramental wine,' to one of its many products, the bootleg industry has been of great service to the ministry.

"Repeal (the ultimate end of a policy of so-called 'modification') of the Eighteenth Amendment must, therefore, inevitably precipitate an economic debacle unparalleled in its magnitude. May I enumerate a few of its elements?"

"1. The repeal of Prohibition would constitute a fatal blow to that sacred institution, the Great American Home, and to that other sacred institution, the Great American Speakeasy, which, more than any other semi-public gathering place ever devised, captures the true 'home-like' atmosphere.

"2. The repeal of Prohibition would remove the pleasant and now harmless 'kick' provided by drinking, and would therefore deprive millions of our citizens of the honest pleasure they now derive from this great indoor sport. The so-called 'kick' in bootleg liquor is not dependent on alcoholic content; indeed, the expert 'cutters' in our industry have developed their art to such an extent that, today, the alcoholic content of a bottle of gin or whiskey is practically non-existent. No, my dear Mr. Smith, the 'kick' is fur-

nished by the knowledge that drinking is illegal.

"3. The repeal of Prohibition would mark the end of America's present proud position of world-dominance. Since the institution of this great moral reform, in 1919, the United States of America has developed into a nation of he-men, who are stimulated and invigorated by the knowledge that they drink red liquor raw. Give them the chance to purchase, at reasonable rates in the open market, such sissy beverages as light wines and beers, and you will find that our American he-men are degenerating into imitations of the feeble, futile specimens that one may observe in the iniquitous open-air cafés of old and decadent Europe.

"4. And, speaking of Europe—what of the international economic aspect of the situation? The repeal of Prohibition would inevitably cause the flow of millions and billions of our good round American dollars into foreign treasuries. Instead of patronizing home industries, and keeping our glorious money in our own glorious country, we would be contributing vast sums to the support of brewers, distillers and grape-growers in Germany, Scotland and France. These same foreigners gave the public short measure—four quarts to the gallon. American bootleggers have adopted the trade practice of five quarts to the gallon—an increase of 25 per cent.

"Prohibition, then, is a Moral Issue, an Economic Issue and, above all things, a Patriotic Issue. Destroy it, and you destroy the very tissue of our muscular, red-blooded civilization.

"The Bootleggers' Association Opposed to the Repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment now includes 89 per cent of the total

population of the United States. It constitutes a body of citizenship that cannot be ignored by anyone seeking public office. As its spokesman, may I beg you to consider carefully the facts set forth in this letter before you finally commit yourself to a policy the enforcement of which means nothing less than the economic ruin of America?"

"This Association is proud to assure you of its hearty moral and financial support in the coming campaign upon the instant its millions of members are assured that your published views have undergone correction. In the alternative, while reluctant to make a bum out of anybody, especially a good guy like yourself, we shall be reduced to the disagreeable necessity of sending you back to Fulton Market with the rest of the poor fish.

"Sincerely and with best wishes,

"S. T. M.

"Secretary, the Bootleggers' Association Opposed to the Repeal of the 18th Amendment."

"P. S.—Several of the most influential members of our organization attended the Republican Convention in Kansas City, professionally, and they report that the Republican leaders are the best friends and the best customers we've got. So you'd better speak out, *at once*, or the entire bootlegger vote goes to Hoover."

* * *

Now the writer of that letter is unknown to me; I want it distinctly understood that I don't associate with such Fellows, at least, not the Big Ones.

I believe in strict observance of the Law, and as soon as I can get a policeman to tell me just what the law is, I'll observe it.

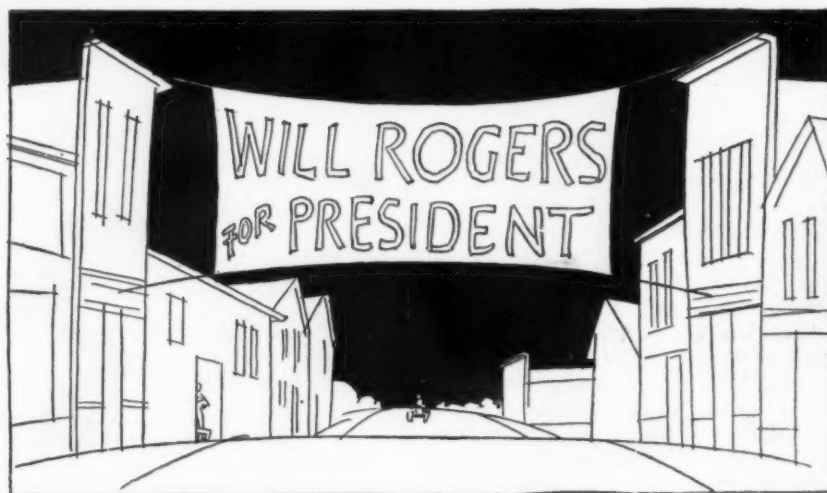
That seems to be the trouble with all this Law Observance talk.

How can anybody Observe a Law when they can't even see it?

And even if people could see it, how many would be able to recognize it?

I hope Al Smith will read the above letter and come right out in the open with an answer. Al can't afford to ignore the bootleg vote unless he's only running for president this summer for the exercise.

(Our Candidate has some new platform planks to announce—planks that were actually "carried in by voters." He also is going to make good his promise to name all the members of his Cabinet, and to state the qualifications of each member. Watch this space every week for further bulletins from the Presidential Candidate of the Anti-Bunk Party.)



A HOUSE-TO-HOUSE CANVAS



"Gracious! What's all this racket?
"We're playing Outraged Wife Breaks Up Love Nest."

The Old Guard Considers the Rogers Menace

HOOVER: Well, boys, I called this little conference to discuss this Will Rogers menace.

CURTIS: That's no clown act he's pulling now.

MELLON: Don't take this thing seriously, gentlemen. Why, he hasn't even a vice-president running along with him.

DAWES: Helen Maria! Neither have we now.

HOOVER: Harmony, boys, harmony. Now what can we get on this fellow Rogers anyway?

BUTLER: Where's he from?

HAYS: Oklahoma.

BUTLER: Well, can't we get him mixed up in some sort of oil scandal out there?

HAYS: Shh! Senator! Shh! Easy on that oil stuff. Remember—I'm still forgetting.

CURTIS: Well, now, when Will Rogers went over to Europe last year—

HOOVER: Lay off that European stuff, Charley. Remember, I have spent a little time over there myself.

MELLON: Gentlemen, I fear you are unduly disturbed by Candidate Rogers. Was he not repudiated as Mayor by his home-folks out in Beverly Hills?

HAYS: Yeh—and the next day he was

president of the Ex-Mayors' Association of America, which gives him a perfect organization in every town in America.

MELLON: Oh, well, let us then dismiss his candidacy as ridiculous by reminding

the folks that he is nothing but an ordinary moving picture actor.

HAYS: Hell! Don't remind the folks of that! They've been trying to get a President who's had movie training ever since Cal was screened in his cowboy suit.

Hilton Butler.



THE TRAMP: Yes, lady, I'm just a poor little lost lamb.

Ain't Nature Grand?

AN ONTARIO paper says one million cars cross the Detroit River annually, and "the number will continue to increase as our neighbors become acquainted with our excellent highways and other attractions."

The paper does not go into detail, but a friend who has traveled in Ontario tells me that among these "other attractions" are the following:

Hills, streams, and woodland scenery near drinking places.

Bathing beaches near drinking places.

Golf courses near drinking places.

Quaint old houses near drinking places.

Buildings that contain drinking places.

Proprietors of drinking places.

Bartenders at drinking places.

Bottles, taps and glasses at drinking places.

Drinking places.

Drink.

Elmer C. Adams.

Nellie, the Beautiful Typist (The Romance of a Poor Working Girl)

THE cute little typist, her beauties are ripest,

The charm of the farm is a-bloom on her cheek;

She calls for the pity of all in the city—
She's daily the prey of the Shark and the Sheik!

Abhorrent despoilers of poor little toilers
Surround her and hound her until she despairs;

With sneers diabolic and leers alcoholic,
They sinfully grin at her innocent prayers!

There's no one knows better the foes that beset her,

The dangers from strangers who proffer a cheque;

With tremulous glances she stems all advances,

And primly, but grimly, refuses to neque!

Her spiteful employer delights to annoy her,

He lamps her and vamps her with elderly glee;

She takes his dictation with great perturbation,

And yells and rebels when she's held on his knee!

She's flurried by floormen and worried by doormen,

The clerks where she works all are after our Nell;

They tickle and tease her and wickedly squeeze her,

She's chased and embraced by the whole personnel!

But just when her wooers and bustling pursuers

Are due to undo her, and all seems a loss,

When her future looks futile (and deucedly brutal)—

The slick little hick up and marries the Boss!

R. Jere Black, Jr.

SURPRISE, SURPRISE!

"A surprise stork shower was given to Mrs. Harry Klinger, of 419 Seventh street, Fairview, by Mrs. Helen Van Keuren, at her home, 472 Park avenue, Cliffside.

"Mrs. Van Keuren, dressed in nurse's attire, presented a large basket lined in pink and blue silk, laden with dainty gifts to Mrs. Klinger. A collation was served at midnight. The table centerpiece was a stork."

—Palisade (N. J.) Palisadian.

GREAT Expectations; or, What to Do Before the Doctor Comes.



TOURIST: What's the matter, my man? You look dejected.

GEORGIA CRACKER: Times is terrible! Here I spent two years learning to read, and now comes these talking pictures and it ain't necessary.

Hollywood Pastimes

(The Run-Around)

"WHY, hello, Joe. Glad to see you. I wasn't trying to high-hat you. Don't be silly. I just didn't recognize you. Why, yes—I am kind of in a hurry. But walk along a little way with me. . . . Yes, Joe,



A LITTLE GIRL WHO HAS EATEN SO MANY CHOCOLATES THAT SHE IS THICK AT THE STOMACH

I'm doing great. They sure keep me up to my neck in work. Running a big studio ain't like playing marbles. . . . What are you doing now, Joe? Not doing a thing, eh? Well, well, well—that's too bad. You been trying to get to see me for the last six months and my secretary wouldn't even send in your name? Is that so? I'll certainly have to—to speak to Miss Ginsberg about that. . . . I certainly wish I had something definite to offer you, Joe. You know, a pal is a pal but—you see—we're just finishing up this year's program and we're going to close down for a little vacation—just for seven or eight months. . . . No, I never see Larry or any of the old gang any more. The old nose is right to the grindstone, Joe. Tell you what you do: drop into my office some time—say, a couple of months after we open up again. Sure, they'll let you in. Just—just get in touch with my secretary. . . . Um, gee, I'm forty minutes late for my appointment with this mug—he wants to sell me a yacht. Well, got to be turning in here, Joe. S'long, kid—glad I bumped into you. See you—in—a coupla months. S'long."

Robert Lord.

PHYSICIAN: If you don't stop jazzing, a breakdown is inevitable.

HARRIETT: Right you are, doctor, old dear. I can dance that, too.

The National Geographic Magazine Author Writes Home

MY DEAR HELEN,

We are to set out from here tomorrow morning about four o'clock for Blitzp in native *bhoops* drawn by *tziks* or *blerfks* as they are sometimes called by the *Grubees* in this region. We shall proceed as rapidly as possible to Klopz, a watering-place ten *gligh*, otherwise known as *dbogz*, to the east. Klopz is an ancient *punka* (commonly given the name of *puhk*—from which the quaint custom of *stook* comes), and there we shall take on a supply of *clmph* and *dktz* before proceeding further. After a week or so of waiting, during which time our *hadtaj* (native *strp*) will have opportunity to break in the *tziks* to the hardships that are ahead of us, we shall pack up our *bnts* and *gljts* and strike out for the *psopsk*, as the *Sgerubas* hereabouts have dubbed the *efolpsh*.

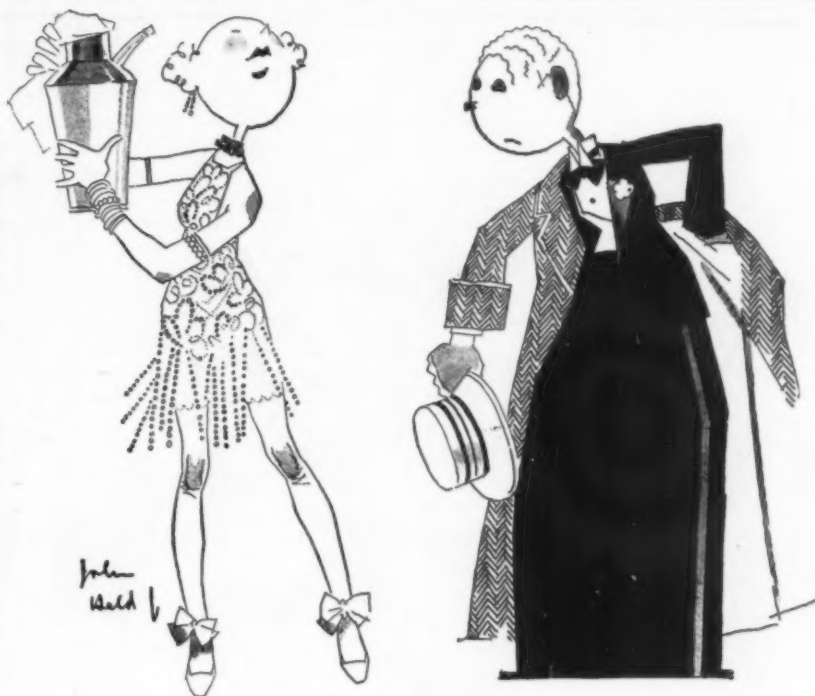
I shall write you as often as possible. Our local *xzypst* only travel to Fpuds, and so I shall have to rely upon the rather indifferent service of our *Ghrulis* and *Mgbankas*.

My love to the kiddies and tell Junior I'll bring him a live *psklnfshy* if he is very good.

Lovingly, OSCAR.
Paul Showers.

When Women Do Their Housework as Men Do Their Office Work

"Let's see. What's this memo? Friday—make beds. Really ought to have a conference about that.... I'll take it up Monday with the other members of this family. Here's another memo.... scrub kitchen floor. Should have been done last Monday. Seems I can't get any co-operation in this family. It would be a great day for bridge if I didn't have all this work piled up. (Buzz.) 'Helen, get me a cake of soap. What? No soap? Did you look in the kitchen cabinet under "S"? Tell Rose to come in after. I want to dictate a letter to the National Soap & Sud Co., demanding why that last consignment of three cakes has not arrived. And, Helen, get me a cake of scented soap; I'll try that. The true test of a great executive is her ability to adapt herself to any situation. Get me a mop, Helen.... and remember that I'm not to be disturbed.' This would be a great day for a bridge party. 'Ah, there you are with the mop.... What's that, Helen? You say a woman is wait-



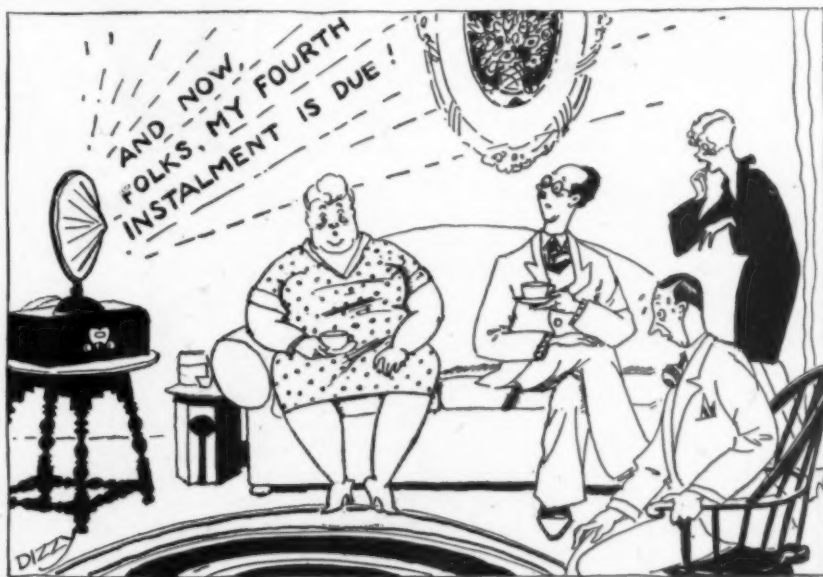
"Why are you leaving the party so early, Joe?"
"Oh, I've got to get the car home in time for dad to drive it to work."

ing to be interviewed? About a position? Nonsense! Ohhhhhh.... about scrubbing the kitchen floor. Keep her waiting a couple of minutes before you send her in. Maybe I can get to that bridge party. (Buzz.) 'Listen, Helen, you'll have to hire that scrub-woman. I'm very busy, you know.

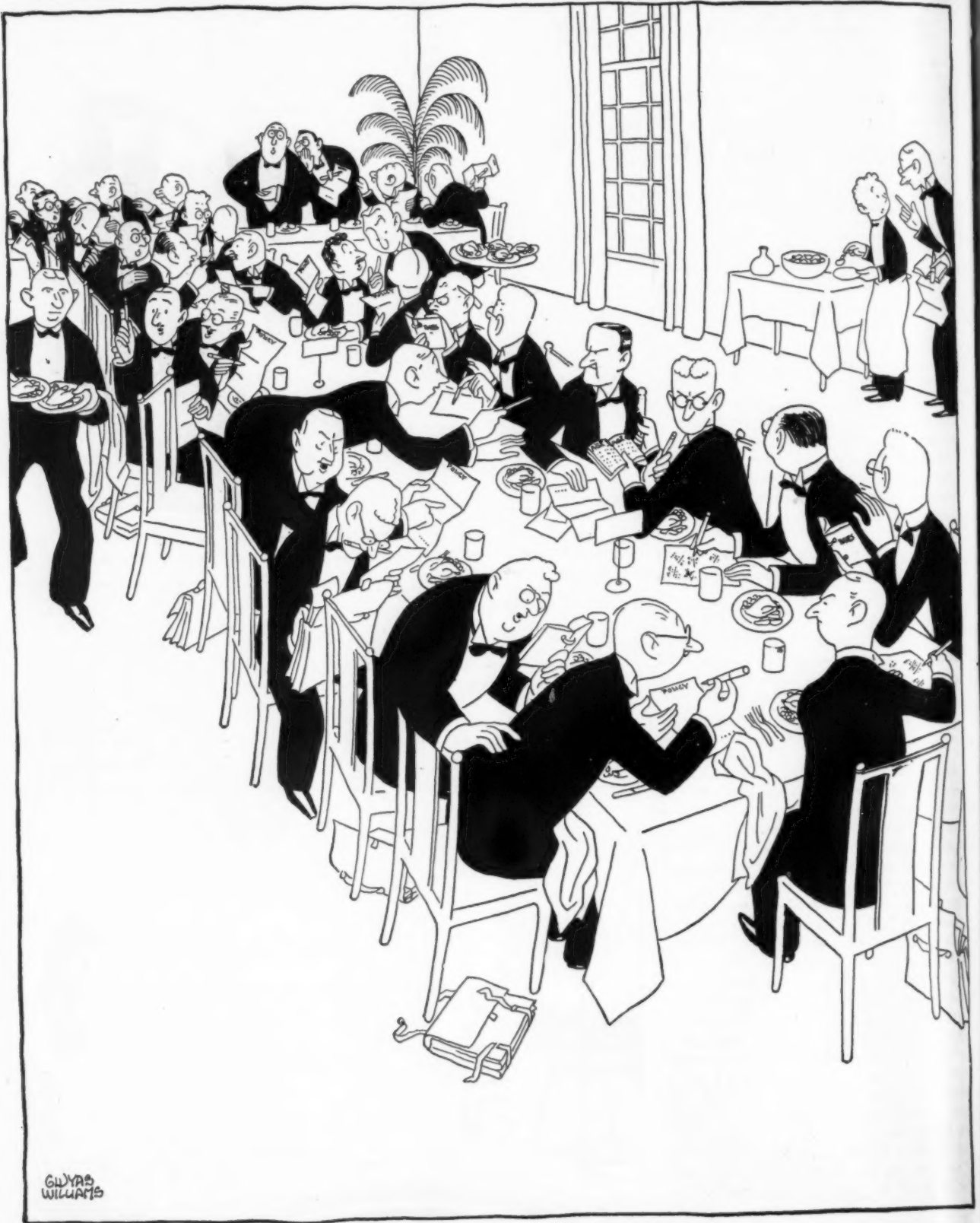
'Thank you, Helen.' Well, that's a good day's work done. Guess I deserve a little recreation. Hope they have nice prizes at the bridge party...."

H. F. Mueller.

POPULAR music reminds us that it's a short strain that has no returning.



IF RADIOS SAID EVERYTHING



At the Life Insurance Agents' Banquet



MRS. PEP'S DIARY

June 26 All the news is that Governor Smith will be chosen by the Democrats on their first ballot, a far different business from that of four years ago when Alabama was obliged so many times to cast its twenty-four votes for Oscar Underwood. Elsie Blank, whose family is so St. Nicholas, Cincinnatus, etc., that it does not even recognize the existence of the current social headliners, did tell me yesterday how her clan had got wind of the news that their Uncle James was intending to vote for Gov. Smith, should he be nominated, and how the consternation amongst them was exceeding great, until Uncle James, attending his class reunion, was struck by lightning and died, a calamity which several of Elsie's older relatives were inclined to regard as an act of God. This day I am much better from my malady, thank God, but still not restored to normalcy in the matter of amiability because of all the dosing I must submit to, so did deem it as good a time as any to lecture my domestic staff, so had them in and told them they must set the waste baskets nearer to my hand, and pay more heed to the recipes I clip from the jour-



PROUD FATHER: Yes, sir, you're going to hear from this little fellow one of these days.

nals, Katie having been so careless as to lose the formula for veal and pepper aspic which did read so delicious, and I did threaten them with the law if any of them so much as laid a finger on my own personal silk dust cloth or dared to open my workbox for any purpose, however worthy. Luncheon on my chaise-longue, but no sooner was the tray nicely across my knees when the telephone a-ringing, and, not wishing to offend anyone who did give her name, I did struggle up to answer it, and Lord! it was a woman from the General Electric Company for the second time this week, and I do fear I did speak my mind too plainly for accordance with the Golden Rule, but if the G. E. C. must employ such methods to vend its wares, I do hope it does never sell a single icebox. Reading this night in "The Amateur Crime," of which I had high hopes, but it did turn out to be the kind of thing in which the characters must hide their faces or cough into their kerchiefs to point what the author considered humour.

June 27 This morning a great beaker of clam juice from Mistress Williams, who does sell us our fish, as graceful a gift for a convalescent, methinks, as could be proffered at this season of the year. Then Katie in, to know if we should have the window-cleaner, whereto Sam quoth, "My God, no! Do you want it to rain *again*?" But the sun was shining so brightly that we paid him no heed, and I do regret to set down that no sooner was every pane nicely polished than it came on to rain, and the zeal with which I put the servants at the awnings made me feel like the captain of a schooner caught in a fearsome gale. Marge Boothby to luncheon with me, of jellied gumbo, green peppers stuffed with crab meat and baked, and new sweet corn, all very fine, and she did tell me how poor Jim Mitchell, again off the water wagon and bound for Muldoon's, had purchased a toothbrush in the Grand Central, but had feared to reach out for it lest he drop it and had sent the porter to reclaim it. To which Hewitt Howland quoth, when I did tell him later, "He could pick it out, but not up." Sam home betimes, bringing along Dick Ebbridge, who is greatly cast down about having to go with his mother for several weeks to her favorite hotel in the mountains, and when I did quiz him as to the reasons for his dejection he replied, "Well, it's the kind of place that has illuminated signs at the end of each corridor reading simply 'Others.'" And when during the discourse I did refer to



"I bet we'll have to broil here in the sun for an hour before he gets through."

Sam as a big cassowary, an epithet of which I am trying to break myself, he protested roundly, having looked it up in the dictionary of late and found it designated, amongst other classifications, as "a large bird that lives in low places."

Baird Leonard.

IT DIDN'T WORK

HE: Say, aren't you the fellow who told me the only way to learn anything was by beginning at the bottom?

HE: Y-yes.

HE: Well, I'm here to give you a sock in the eye—I've been learning to swim.



SPORTSMEN *and* SPORTS

The Battle of the Century Dictionary



TUMMAS HEENEY was seated in a café on the Avenue de l'Opéra in Paris when word was brought to him that he had been matched to fight Gene Tunney for the heavy-weight championship of the world.

Rising from behind an imposing array of empty ale bottles, Tummas announced that he understood the seriousness of the situation and would start training immediately. Which he did. He went out and bought a dress suit inside a half-hour.

That, as Captain Kidd said, showing some prisoners his famous one-way plank, is the tip-off. If he had been matched to fight Jack Sharkey, Tummas might have bought himself some "gimmicks" to

put in his four-ounce gloves. If he had been matched to fight Jack Dempsey, he would have borrowed a suit of Sydenham armor from the British Museum. But he was matched to fight Gentleman Gene, so he bought a swell dress suit, a white weskit, and gloves and tie to match.

A few days after he had returned to this country somebody told Tummas that Gentleman Gene had disappeared into the woods at Speculator, N. Y., with a bundle of books under his arm, indicating that the training program was in full swing.

The indomitable Tummas resolved to go the scholarly Gene one better. "I shall pitch me bloomin' trainin' quarters," said he, "in a blinkin' public library."

This was not so much of a leap for Tummas as might be surmised. For while he had not previously got as far as a Public Library, he had, frequently, got as far as a pub.

At this point Mr. George L. (Tex) Rickard stepped in. He had something like a million dollars at stake—he still

has it, by the way—and these bookish gents were putting it in great jeopardy. They were quiet lads with a taste for seclusion and privacy. Mr. Rickard's million could be produced only by the well-known ballyhoo. So Gene was persuaded to let a few sports scribes intrude upon the sacred precincts of Speculator and Heeney was chased to a training camp down the Jersey coast.

The situation, however, was still pathetic, or, worse still, apathetic. The ordinary citizens were remarkably calm with regard to the impending conflict. In fact, they were rather cool toward it. Something had to be done.

"Daniel, give the crank another turn," said Mr. Rickard.



Daniel gave the crank another turn and behold! word came forth from Speculator that Gene Tunney, the great boxer, had suddenly become a knockout puncher who would hit Heeney so hard that he would kill all the Irishmen in

Australia. By a mere coincidence, contemporary dispatches from the Heeney camp announced that placid, plodding Tummas had become a raging lion of delightfully savage disposition and had promised to "it that bloomink toff with h'everthink but the ring post." My word! Why didn't he include the ring post? It wouldn't have cost anything extra.

Now then, who'll win this fight?

The Tunney who twice defeated Dempsey should be able to handle Heeney with or without gloves. Tunney, at top form, is stronger than Heeney, much faster, a better boxer and a more punishing hitter. But Tunney has had only two fights in two years and Heeney has had almost two dozen fights in that time. That's Tunney's handicap and Heeney's chance.

Inaction has laid many a champion low. It's just a question of how far Tunney has slipped from the form that brought him his glittering crown and entrée to our best society.

John Kieran.



"I'm feeling great today. I feel like a cave man. Waiter, bring me a club sandwich."

AUTHENTIC

HE: I love you!

SHE: I'm terribly glad you told me because everybody has been telling me so and I told them I thought it was ridiculous!

Little Rambles With Serious Thinkers

WHEN you consider that those hundreds of people who talk aloud to themselves on the street do so because of glandular disturbances, and that these same disturbances are allied with mental deficiency which in itself is caused by an unhealthy state of the glands, you may see the distance between what one believes a normal man and the criminal type.

—Theodore Dreiser.

I doubt if there is any place in the world where there are as many broken hearts as Hollywood.—Mary Pickford.

Sudden wealth is often unfortunate.

—George Matthew Adams.

There is no finer quality known among men than gratitude. This quality has been entirely left out of the make-up of women.—A. B. See.

The Volstead Act compares favorably with any of the ten commandments.

—Wilbur Glenn Voliva.

After four years of smoking Luckies in wildest Africa, I find my voice in perfect condition for my lecture tour in America.

—Martin Johnson.

What a man learns in college will not get him far.—Glenn Frank.

Many a girl who apparently takes a pull at her escort's flask merely touches the bottle with her lips.—Harold Bell Wright.

Some folks would give their shirt to be known as the original of Andy Gump.

—M. E. Tracy.

QUERY

WHY is it a man can find an insurance receipt, a money order blank, a lodge membership card, a fishing permit, a book of postage stamps, a rain check, a newspaper clipping, several cigar coupons, one or two snapshots, half a dozen theater ticket stubs, a lottery ticket, some assorted business cards, stock market literature, a blank check, an I. O. U., a postcard, and at least three unpaid bills, when he is vainly trying to produce his driver's license?

Bill Sykes.

SHE: My brother's out in the Sudan.
HE: Then let's take the roadster!



"Four to one the champ stops him inside o' five rounds."

"Nothin' doin'—but I'll give you three to two the referee don't count beyond fourteen."

Any Color So It's Colored

"Pink anthracite coal, artificially colored, is now on the market."—News Item.

WE knew, of course, that the new electric refrigerators had been dolled up to resemble a Winthrop desk and were finished light or dark, depending upon whether the customer is a blond or a brunet. We had heard that the heating plant had been disguised as a phonograph finished in any hue to suit the individual taste. Typewriters may be bought in any color, to match eyes, sports wear, wall paper or freckles. Even the camera has moved away from the conventional black and vies with full-fashioned hosiery in the latest shades. However, we were surprised when we visited the Midwestia Coal and Ice Company and listened to the argument of the young salesman.

"In buying your coal for next winter," said he, "you must remember that we are one of the few firms in a position to give you the latest and most popular shades. These colors, I may say with pardonable pride, were chosen for us by one of the outstanding *couturiers* of Paris. Now here is a very good coal, delivered in your basement for a trifle more than twenty dollars the ton. Notice its beautiful texture. This is what we call our moonlight shade. Naturally, if you prefer something in a beige, a sundown, a pearl blush or a *nuit d'amour*, we should be only too happy to serve you. Here is a delightful coal in an orchid petal tint and over there is a mighty pretty thing in what we call white jade. Some of our customers prefer the more staple colors; if nothing on our color chart suits you exactly we should be glad to have one of our artists submit designs. There would be an additional charge for what we call our custom-made coal—that is where the color is designed for that order alone, but of course you realize how satisfying it is to have something exclusive.

"You say you are interested in coal that gives heat? Ah—step this way, sir, and permit me to show you our Flaming Youth style, with an attractive design by John Held, Jr., on every lump."

Tom S. Elrod.

HE-MAN

"THERE'S a man who knows how to handle women. He makes them work like Trojans for him, and half starves them, and then takes their money and turns them out, mere shadows of their former selves—and he makes them like it."

"Good heavens! What sort of beast is he?"

"He's a reduction expert."



"WHILE THERE IS LIFE THERE'S HOPE"

VOLUME 92

July 19, 1928

NUMBER 2385

Published by LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

CHARLES DANA GIBSON, *President*CLAIR MAXWELL, *Vice-President*ROBERT EMMET SHERWOOD, *Editor*LANGHORNE GIBSON, *Secretary-Treasurer*

THE HOPE lately expressed on this page that the average citizen would not have

to do much more thinking about politics till the cool weather seems to have been prematurely optimistic, and based on the culpable failure to realize that this year the presidential campaign is embellished with a Great Moral Issue. Now that a presidential candidate has dared to mention Prohibition out loud it must be feared that we shall see no more of the happy situation which has endured for eight years past, in which every American could glory in the devotion of his nation to moral principles, and could get all he wanted to drink besides.

By the time you read this, you will know what luck the Baptist and Methodist clergy of the South have had in their endeavor to persuade dry Southern Democrats to vote for a Black Republican in preference to a wet Democrat. Also by that time you will know how far Mabel Walker Willebrandt means to carry her campaign to dry up Al Smith's home town. Possibly she will have been dissuaded by the protests of New York Republicans, who responded to the first attacks on the night clubs by expeditionary forces of Prohibition agents from out of town with the cry that this meant turning over New York State to the Democrats. But it seems to some of us that this concentration of enforcement upon a city which is by no means the wettest in these states is pretty good politics, whatever its ethical obliquity.

New York is wet, certainly, and wetter than a good many other parts of the country; though if there is any part of the country where you cannot get a drink, the reports of widely ranging travelers

have failed to mention it. But New York also is New York, a city widely disliked for reasons which its inhabitants may regard as inadequate, but which they cannot laugh off. If Mrs. Willebrandt keeps on with her endeavors to dry up New York City her candidate will probably lose New York State; but presidential elections have been won without New York. And it is at least a plausible conjecture that any presidential candidate who promised to spend every cent of the appropriation for Prohibition enforcement in and against New York City would carry forty-seven states by an overwhelming majority. For nobody wants Prohibition enforced against himself except those who never take a drink anyway.

Also, it may be observed that up to this writing Mrs. Willebrandt's janizaries have confined their raids in New York to the night clubs, which live largely on the tourist trade. The twenty or thirty thousand quieter and less expensive institutions which serve for the refreshment of the resident population have not, as yet, been invaded. Whether that is to be the permanent policy remains to be seen; but it is clear that this lady is a better politician than the Republicans of New York. They have got into the habit of losing their state to Al Smith; and she may have decided to take that loss for granted and concentrate on building up good will for Hoover in the rest of the country, which would be happy enough to see its own garrisons of Prohibition agents assigned to duty on Manhattan Island for the rest of their days.



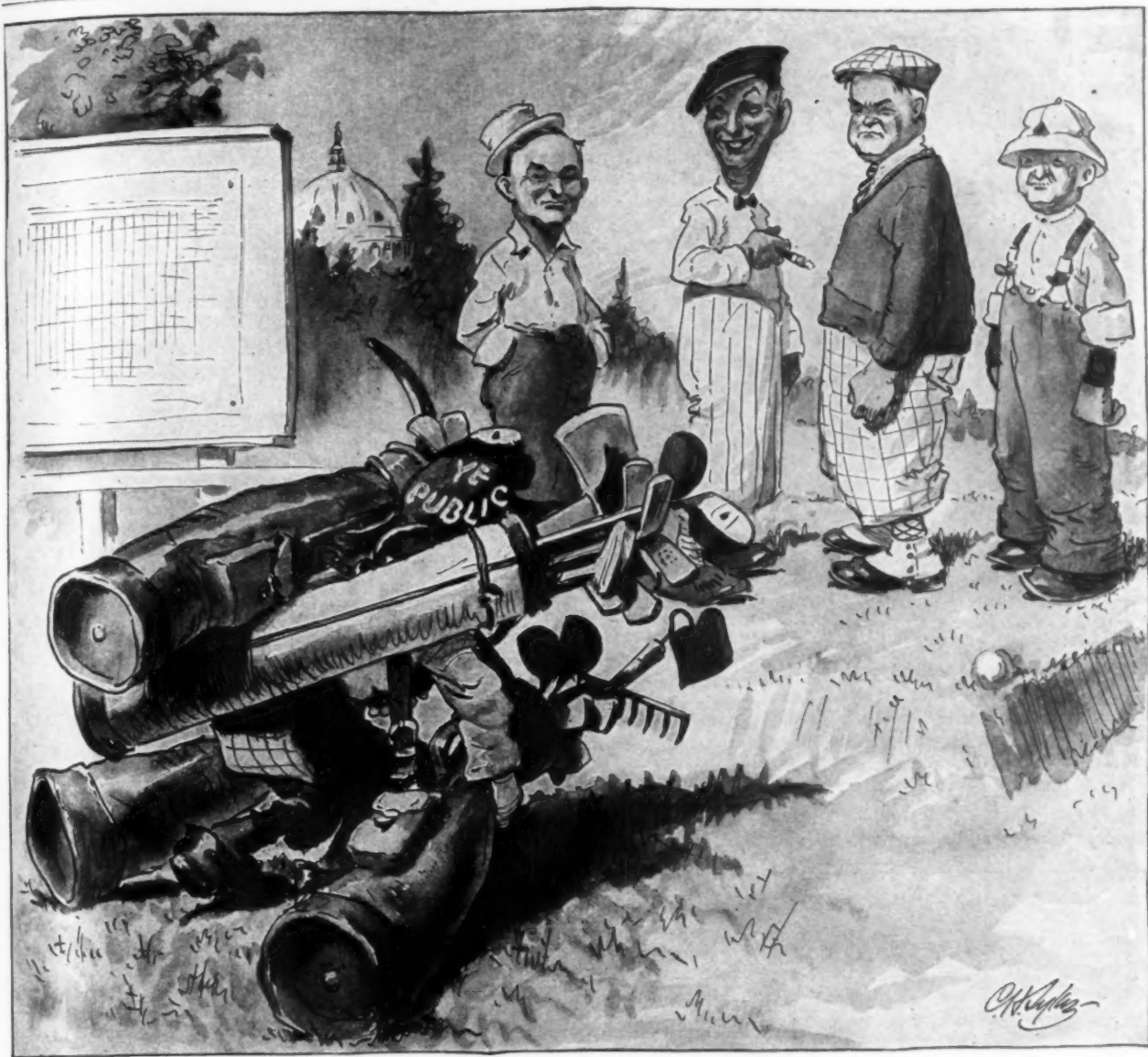
It may be regarded as fortunate that the late Wayne B. Wheeler died before he could see Prohibition brought out into the

region of open argument, from which he successfully managed to exclude it for years. Mr. Wheeler was a man of extraordinary ability; yet it is hard to see how even he could have prevented the nomination of Al Smith; and Al Smith being an honest man, his nomination meant the instant emergence of Prohibition as an issue. Mr. Wheeler, it may be remarked in passing, was also an honest man; and his vast influence was a proof that honesty is not a necessary disqualification for political power, even in the contemporary United States, a fact which seems to have been lost on most of the politicians with whom he dealt. He put Prohibition over as a constitutional law, and succeeded pretty well in establishing it as a dogma which it was heresy as well as treason to question.

But Wheeler is dead and Prohibition is being argued more hotly than ever; which the wets, if they were so minded, might take as an instance supporting that favorite contention of the reformer, that no moral issue is ever settled until it is settled right. Those of us who are less thoroughgoing in our devotion to principle, on either side of the argument, may take it as a melancholy demonstration that no moral issue is ever settled at all till it has ceased to be a matter of interest to anybody. Prohibition was to be taken out of politics by being put into the Constitution; and the only result of that was to put the Constitution into politics. It would require a fantastic optimism to suppose that either side in the wet-dry controversy is likely to win a final and conclusive victory in the next decade; perhaps even in the next half-century. It is thirteen hundred years since Mohammed wrote prohibition into the constitution of Islam, and Moslem reformers can still make a reputation by starting campaigns for law enforcement.



THE ORGANIZED opponents of Prohibition, who were weakened for a long time by having a purely negative program, have at last begun to agree on concrete proposals for substitutes for the present system. Naturally enough, most of these measures tend toward restoring the power of the states to deal with the liquor traffic. But that is an illusory remedy because this is not a state problem. It is an issue in which, generally speaking, the cities are on one side, the farms and the small towns on the other. If the whole ques-



"On your job, kid!"

tion were thrown back on the states, down-state Illinois would perhaps vote Chicago dry; and back-state Michigan might vote Detroit dry, as it did before the days of national Prohibition. But that would not make Detroit and Chicago any drier than they are now. One is almost tempted to think that the question will never be settled until people concentrate on reforming themselves rather than their neighbors; and when that happens the heavens will be rolled up like a scroll and there will be no more sea.

It has at last become permissible, if not respectable, for a politician to intimate

that the Volstead Act is not a divine decree, which it is sacrilege to talk of altering; but not even Al Smith has yet dared to deny the dogma that the law, so long as it is the law, must be enforced. Governor Smith has a better record than most executives as a law enforcer; but among the statutes which he has sworn to uphold is one which forbids the citizens of New York to appear in public with their faces painted or otherwise discolored. How long would a Governor last who enforced that law, now that the girls have the vote? Yet by the theory to which all politicians at present pay lip service it is just as sacred and as worthy

of enforcement as the Volstead Act. Read the criminal laws of the Federal Government, and of your own state, and make up your mind whether life in this country would be endurable if there were any serious effort to enforce all laws.

Luckily, so long as politicians are politicians, there is not much danger of that.

Elmer Davis.

A GOOD PARTY MAN

"DID Senator Dodge fulfil his campaign pledges?"

"Yes, all except the ones he made to the public."



ALONG THE MAIN STEM



DEAR PAL WILLARD:

I cannot recall when I spent so interesting a session as I just had with some of the songwriters along the Big Stretch. All of the boys in the group are "in the dough"—having prepared numerous smash hits—and so I acted the part of a listener for once, even if it did kill me. I discovered among other things, old pal, that the racketeers who advertise in the magazines "We Will Publish Your Songs" reap a tremendous harvest annually enticing the chumps who really believe they can write ditties, and while the gypers publish the songs, they seldom get on the sheet music counters. Tell that to your friends.

"Till We Meet Again" is the record sheet-music sale song. It sold over four million copies and was written by

Whiting and Egan. Dick Whiting, incidentally, started his career as a singing waiter in a New York café with Irving Berlin many years ago. The next biggest smash was "Beautiful Ohio," by Mary Earl and Ballard McDonald, and Mary Earl, as I told you the other week, is a man named Bob King. Their song sold about three million copies. "Missouri Waltz," "Tuck Me to Sleep in My Old Kentucky Home," "Dardanella" and "The End of a Perfect Day" were other knockout sellers and today's ace is "Ramona," which has fetched the femme who wrote it about fifty grand. All of these numbers, by the way, Willard, sold twice as many copies as "Yes, We Have No Bananas," which was hummed, sung or whistled all over the world, but songwriting history will show that the sentimental lyrics have always outpeddled the comedy ones.

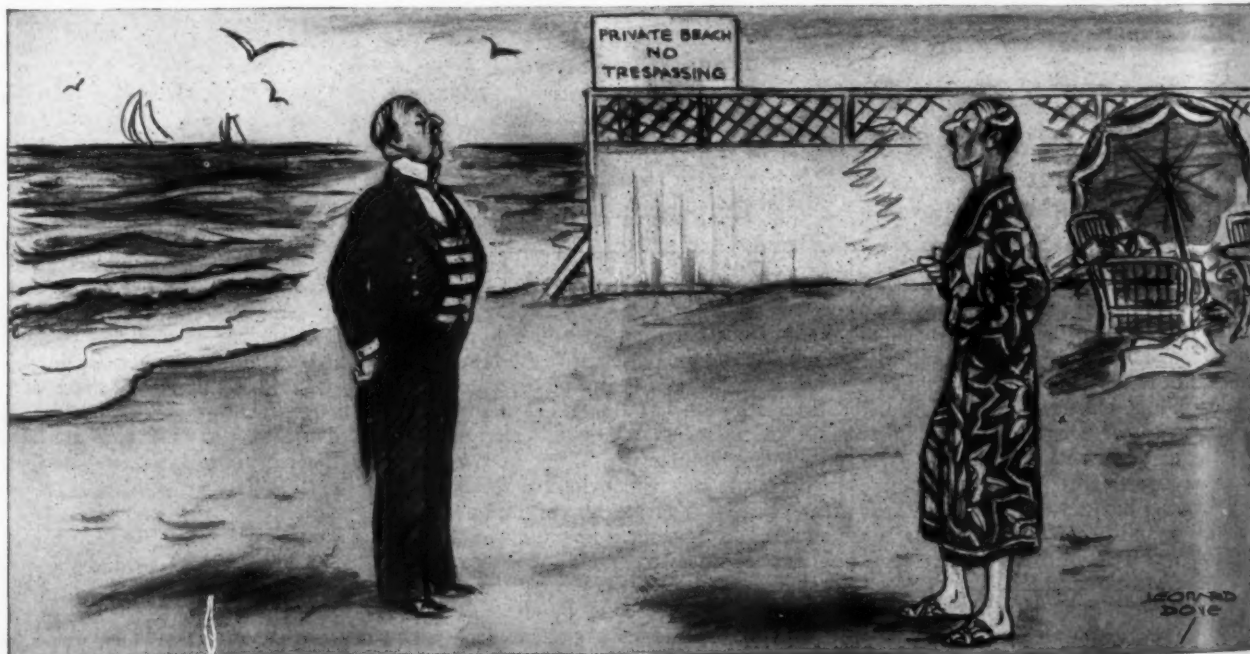
Yet, Billy Rose earned \$51,000 in royalties on his "Barney Google," while Edgar Allan Poe got fifteen dollars for writing that immortal masterpiece, "The Raven." Billy Rose dwells in a gold-draped room in New York patterned after an Emperor's palace in Vienna. Edgar Allan Poe died a pauper outside of Ryan's Rum Shop in Baltimore. What a world!

Poe's name, however, will go crashing through the corridors of the ages and millions yet unborn will read and love his "Annabel Lee." (And, by the way, there's another number on which the Poe

estate isn't drawing any royalties.) Perhaps Billy Rose's "You Gotta See Mamma Every Night or You Can't See Mamma at All" will some day be exhibited in a glass case as a relic of the Jazz Age, when gals beat time with lipsticks to the shrieks of drunken saxophones, but Rose argues that he won't be here to see it and he wants the money now.

His argument is sound, at any rate. Poe lived in poverty. Poe lived in a garret. Poe lived in rags. What Poe wrote earned thousands of dollars for publishers and still does, for that matter, but that didn't mean a thing to the poet because a ghost can't cash a check. And today, in spite of the radio, the capable songwriter gets wealthy in a hurry. His revenue is enormous from the mechanicals, which means the recording companies and the piano rolls.

Rose supplied a first-aid to aspiring songwriters which I am giving you. Rose calls it his Dixie A B C—Suwanee River—Log Cabin—Cotton Fields—Banjos Strumming—Darkies Singing on the Levee—Mammy and Pappy—Old Black Joes—Watermelon Vines—Sweet Potatoes—Steamboats Puffing Along—Midnight Choo-Choo Leavin' for Alabama—Lonesome Pines in Virginny—



MR. NEWRICH (to butler): James, put some bath salts in the ocean. I'm ready for my swim.

Moonlight in Tennessee—Creole Queens in New Orleans—Camp Meetin's in Georgia, and Real Estate in Florida.

Another thing that got me was learning that "My Blue Heaven" got dusty in a music publishing house desk on Broadway for three years before the alleged weissenheimers gave it a chance to breathe. That's the ugly part of Tin Pan Alley, Willard. And you've got to have a calloused heart to take the rebuffs and rebukes that come with trying to place a chune. The gag which really put over "My Blue Heaven," according to the mob, was the punch line—"There's Molly and me—and the baby makes three."

You and I had better quit trying to be flip and outsmart the other fellow 'with wisecracks. What Mr. and Mrs. General Public want, it appears, is the sob stuff and they are willing to pay for it. They kid that guy Edgar Guest around New York, you know, because he writes what they call tear-jerkers, but I am thinking seriously of asking him how it is done. I'm so weary of being a wisecracker—which is another way of spelling "poor."

Walter Winchell.

EXPLORER RELIEF

AVIATOR: Did you think of an original stunt to keep me in the public eye?

PRESS AGENT: You bet. You can head a party to look for the expedition that tried to find the party searching for the relief outfit that went to the assistance of

the aviators who tried to find the aviator who went to look for the aviators who were searching for the North Pole.



"For goodness' sakes, I wonder what's holding this train?"
"Gee, Ma, I hope it ain't the chewing gum I threw on the tracks!"

The Invitation

SHE: Are you going out of town for the week-end?

HE: Yes, I'm going to the country.

SHE: Oh, how mean of you! I was going to invite you to dinner.

HE: Well, if I'd only known—I suppose I could still change my plans.

SHE: Oh, I wouldn't have you do that for the world because I mean I know how it is when you've made plans.

HE: Well, I'll probably be back Sunday in time for dinner.

SHE: You'll probably want to stay over until Monday morning. I know how it is.

HE: Well, I really ought to be coming back Sunday afternoon.

SHE: Well, of course I'd adore to have you to dinner Sunday night but I know you're just trying to be polite so's not to disappoint me and I wouldn't think of spoiling your week-end by asking you to come back Sunday because I know when you get to the country you'll want to stay over until Monday.

HE: Well, I guess probably I will.

Lloyd Mayer.



If thoughtful American tourists would only send their pocket-books abroad and not inflict themselves on the sensitive Europeans.

In Chicago—here today and gone tomorrow.



THE THEATRE

Mr. White's Ninth

THE NEW season may not open technically until some time in August, but to theatergoers who have fidgeted through the shoe-string ventures of May and June Mr. George White's "Scandals" early in July mark the gala take-off. Just to see a show in which the curtain works correctly is excitement enough.

And Mr. White's curtains all work to perfection, and very pretty curtains they are, too. Several other things were probably fixed before the second night; so there wouldn't be much use in listing them here. If Mr. White was sitting out front with a pad and pencil he caught them. And we regret to say that Mr. White must have been sitting out front, as he didn't appear in the show at all, not even in a spot which seemed to have been built for him—"The Origin of the Tap-Dance."



AND while we are on the subject of building up spots and entrances, no young lady ever had an entrance built up for her more elaborately than Miss Pennington's, when the entire orchestra, with megaphones, arose and sang a song about "Pennie" to bring her on. And, speaking entirely from our own personal taste, what followed was something less than a sensation. The older we grow as a reviewer of revues, the less inclined we are to go on giving Miss Pennington's knees a good notice. Pretty knees are all right, but the world moves and we have been spoiled by dancers who spend their vacations working up something new for their next show. If we sound like a cross old bear in saying this it is because we have wanted to say it for several seasons and have, through our repression, grown slightly peevish about it. The whole thing probably boils down to the fact that the beast in us has never been aroused during one of Miss Pennington's numbers.

Most of Mr. White's principals, however, we could stand seeing year after year, even if they never changed their stuff (and we certainly have been put to the test). We have been following Harry Richman around ever since he began

singing "There was an old man about ninety" at the old "Wigwam," and if we were going to tire of him, we should have done so long ago. We would follow Miss Frances Williams around just as long if it weren't for what people would say. Miss Williams and Mr. Richman have several of their regulation numbers together and succeed in making a great deal out of not much. Their duet, "What D'ya Say?" is the one this year to be done in front of the rose-bower. It is to their credit that they do not yield to the temptation to appear during the second chorus framed in the little oval above the bower. But there is the oval, just crying out for two heads to appear through it. It would be pretty terrible if this notice gave them the idea.

And, while we are on the song-hits, it seemed that the usually worthy De Sylva-Brown-Henderson trio have not quite come up to their standard this year, although probably in two months we shall be unable to believe that we didn't see the virtues of such established successes as "On the Crest of a Wave" and "Pickin' Cotton." Our chief objection to the score is its synthetic quality, at least three numbers containing passages to which words of earlier song hits could be sung in unison. (If you must know, "On the Crest of a Wave" brings back the verse of "Tea for Two" in its opening bars, "Origin of the Tap-Dance" even more of "Miss Annabelle Lee," and "What D'ya Say?" in effect at least, is a sister ship to "Give Us a Little Kiss.") Needless to say, all of the songs go over big.



THE SKETCHES, practically all of which end with the customary revolver black-out, are funnier than usual, although a couple of them have been done before in other shows—the one on "Credits" being practically identical with one done in the Garrick Gaieties, and "Chicago," a combination of one from "Americana" and Mr. White's own "The Feud" of last year.

The sketches which are original, however, are very original, such as the burlesque on "Strange Interlude," in which

the characters act what they are really thinking as they read their lines, and the "Vocafilm" act between Harry Richman and Willie Howard.

As most of the sketches contain the Phoenician personality of Mr. Willie Howard they would be funny anyway. It seems to us that Mr. Howard grows more and more comic as the years go by, or else we grow easier and easier to amuse. And Tom Patricola's tremendous vitality and varied talents constitute another feature of which we never weary. Mr. Patricola has that same friendly personal quality which is Will Rogers' great asset on the stage, making it possible for him to please you even when he is doing nothing particularly pleasing in itself.

For those to whom excursions into the more animal forms of comedy are distasteful, we issue the warning that there are several sketches, as there usually are in the "Scandals," which will offend, but if Mr. White was out front counting the laughs on the opening night he will already have omitted one or two of them as not worth the risk.



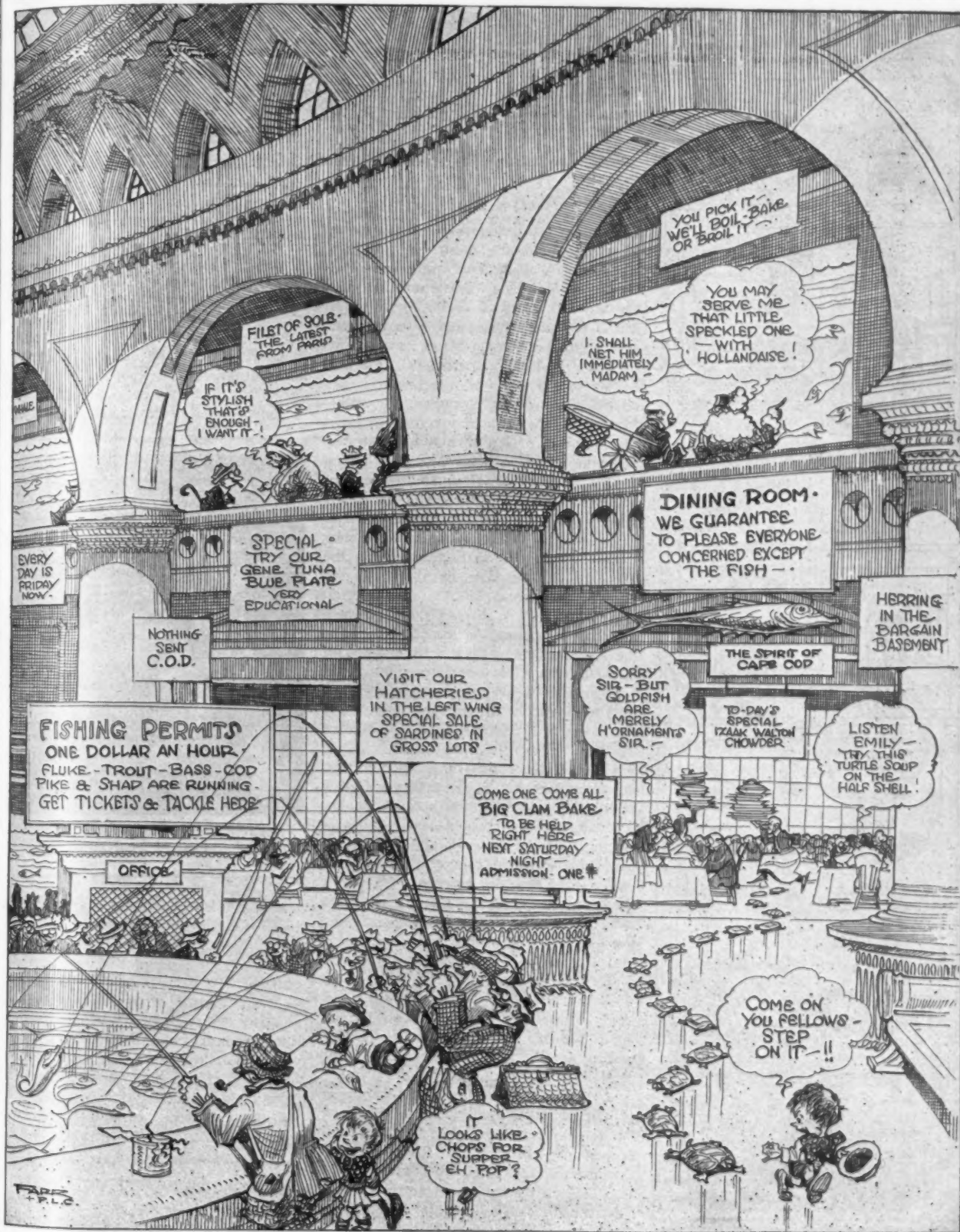
IF we seem to have been a bit carping toward a show which is, almost from beginning to end, a good show, it is because we have had more space at our command for this one and because we have set out, during the coming season, to spot as definitely as possible any features which have been lifted from the past. This habit among revue and musical comedy writers of appropriating things they have heard in other shows is becoming so taken for granted and so almost universal that it constitutes one of the main defects of our native output and, wholly aside from the professional ethics of the thing, it makes for duller evenings among those of us who have to see every show every year.

But, even with those reprises which we have listed, the "Scandals" are never dull, and they fill a long-felt want in the summer schedule. Mr. White has done it again and is in line for congratulations.

Although it is not in our field, we should also like to compliment whoever is responsible for changing the type-face in the programs. It makes it a pleasure to look up names, especially when they are such names as have been here assembled.

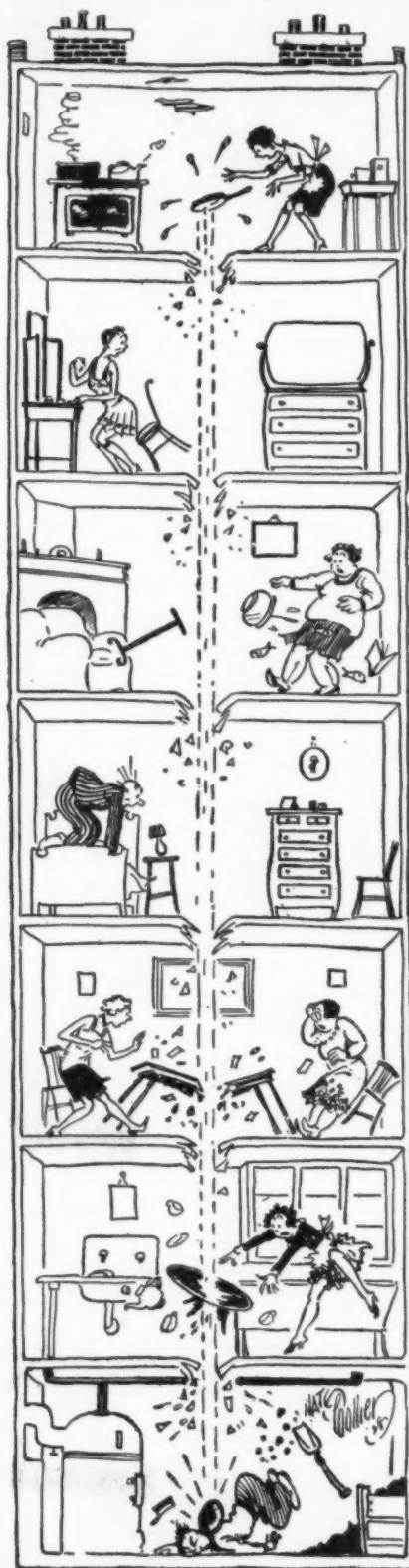
Robert Benchley.

The Confidential Guide to current plays will be found on page 26.



Putting Our Public Institutions on a Paying Basis

The Aquarium Adds a "Shore Dinner" Annex



THE APARTMENT HOUSE BRIDE DROPS HER
FIRST DOUGHNUT

THE RADIO



Boston and Vicinity

THE CULTURAL influence of Boston makes itself heard on the radio every Sunday night at six o'clock. You might know that Boston wouldn't be content with flooding the air with a lot of pretty, meaningless music without educational or moral purpose. No, the Stetson Shoe Parade aims to teach history—particularly American history—by a series of marches and incidental noises. Also I suppose the subtle idea is to provide so many rousing tunes that you are driven to marching around the house and so wear out your shoes.

The programs are designed on the plan of the Rover Boys at Yale and the Rover Boys in Texas and the Rover Boys at Palm Beach. You get the Stetson Shoe Paraders with the A. E. F. in Paris, the Paraders in the War of 1812 and the Paraders at Stone Mountain Memorial. And because this stirring patriotic business has been going on for many months, the Paraders are getting a little short on Great Events. Unless something historical happens in a big way pretty soon, the Shoe Paraders will be driven to reproducing the Aksarben celebration in Omaha or the Veiled Prophet in St. Louis.

Like all these programs with a purpose, the Stetson Parade makes a frantic effort to put over atmosphere and color. The announcer gets as worked up over describing the Dewey Parade as Graham McNamee does in telling about a football game. But the marches, played by the Weymouth Post Band, are good; in fact, marches are nearly always good. And the programs have the value of action and continuity.

Writing about marches, I just can't keep my mind off Edwin Franko Goldman. Mr. Goldman is back on the air again for the summer, this time broadcasting his Central Park Concerts through WNYC.

This Mr. Goldman is not a bandmaster; he is an insidious drug. Once people get to like his music, they cannot be appeased by Hungarian Rhapsodies or Strauss waltzes. Every night the Goldman addicts assemble in Central Park or tune in on the radio just in hopes of hearing the delirious strains of "On the Mall."

The printed announcements of Mr. Goldman's affairs read like those of any other band concerts. But Mr. Goldman never sticks to his program. Half way through, mob psychology breaks down his resolution and he announces that, by popular request, he will substitute his own composition, "On the Mall," for "The Ride of the Valkyrie." And then hell breaks loose in the audience and it sounds like feeding time in the zoo.

I don't know what there is about "On the Mall." It is just a pretty good march. But in the middle the musicians stop and do a whistling selection in which the audience avidly joins. After the wild applause, Mr. Goldman announces that, owing to the insistent demand of firemen all over the city, he will play his own composition, "The Third Alarm," instead of the Second Movement of Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony. Of



"Anything unusual happen today?"
"Yes—the life guard went in for a swim."

course, at this moment it would be a dirty trick to turn in a real alarm and drag the poor firemen away from their radios.

Mr. Goldman is in no sense hoggish; sometimes he plays things he didn't write—"The Hunting Scene," for instance. This is a stirring piece, beginning with a description of dawn in the country and ending with the hounds in full cry after the fox. And you have no idea how it is appreciated by the hard-riding and hunting set that attends Mr. Goldman's concerts.

Agnes Smith.

INARTICULATE

FLAPPER: Is your new boy friend clever?

REPEAT: No, he's the genius type.



NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS

Detroit

THE REV. DR. RICE, of here, won the \$1,000 prize in a national contest for naming Edgar A. Guest of here's new book of verse. This means that the money will be kept at home and spent right here with our own merchants, the way it should be.

✪ Detroit is a first-class town in which to do your trading.—*Adv.*

***Senator Vandenberg, the Grand Rapids solon who was ailing, is able to be up and around at this writing, but still feeling pretty ornery.

***Clarence Darrow, the Chicago legal Mind, was here lately, he having come to set "The Captive" free (as one of our young bloods said) when it was suppressed by the police, but Clarence couldn't do it any more than a rabbit.

***Will Rogers, leading candidate for President, made quite an impression here, the same having flew right over us in an airplane and made his speech at Battle Creek. Will certainly is a caution.

✪ Have you subscribed for NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS or are you just borrowing it from a friend? If the latter, remember editors have to live the same as anyone else, so come across.—*Adv.*

Elmer C. Adams.

Los Angeles

JACK DEMPSEY, our popular hotel proprietor and thespian, is now taking up farming, he having bought 286 acres of land near Fresno where he will grow a high-class grade of grapes. Jack can't help what they do with the grapes after he sells them.

***The new City Hall is so elegant the city council had to raise the pay of some 250 of our deserving municipal employees, so they could support themselves in the manner to which the new building made them feel accustomed.

✪ Sid Grauman got a haircut yesterday.

***Milt Gross is in these parts, meeting some of the studio chiefs and picking up a lot of material for a new book.

***Elmer London's pants burned up the other day. Only trouble is Elmer was in them at the time.

***Geo. McManus has moved out here to live for good. George says New York is all right for a visit, but he wouldn't live there if you gave him the place.

William J. Pringle, Jr.

London (England)

It rained here yesterday.

***Frank Kellogg's plan for outlawing war has made a big hit locally. Bob Cecil, Ed. Grey, Stan Baldwin and other influentials around town are making speeches O. K.-ing it. Fine work, Frank!

✪ We are glad to hear young Edward Windsor is getting along nicely with his new farm up Nottingham way. Bring us a batch of roastin' ears next time you pass the sanctum, Ed.

***Thousands of tourists are headed here from the U. S. A., we hear. Don't worry, folks, our lecturers are crossing the other way so there'll be plenty of room in the old country.

***Sir Esme Howard, our genial ambass. to the U. S. A., is visiting home folks. Ez says they're going to have a new president over there next year, but doesn't know just who.

✪ Banbury tarts, 7 for 6d (while they last) at Selfridge's.—*Adv.*

Haviland King.

New York

JOHN HELD, JR., has another Shetland pony.

***Our roof gardens are thronged these sultry eves.

✪ P. M. Punzelt is doing some work on ye scribe's house.

***Owen Davis is spending a few days at Lake Placid, N. Y.

***Some here say Hoover will be elected by the biggest vote on record; others say Smith will win easy. Our conviction is that you never can tell about elections.

***Ring Lardner's new house at East-

hampton is the cynosure of all beholders down that way. It is next door to Grantland Rice's, which is also a cynosure. All agree the dwellings are quite pretty.

***Miss Anita Hollister, daughter of Geo. C. and Mrs. G. C., is betrothed. Fred Bundy is the fortunate groom-to-be.

***J. J. ("Gene") Tunney is contemplating leaving the Adirondacks in a few days to take a flying business trip to New York. J. J. donated a pair of boxing gloves to the Mt. Assumption Inst., Plattsburg. The doctors say Gene's heart is in the right place.

***Mrs. Gerald Brooks has a farm in Brookfield, Conn., and Charley Falls is at Falls Village. Mrs. Montague Glass says she thinks she will buy a place in Glasgow. Ye ed would like to hear from North Adams, Mass.

***New York is the finest summer resort in the world. Why go away and spend your surplus "rhino" on a lot of hotel proprietors who don't pay taxes in this burg? You can live cheaper, better, and cooler at most of the so-called swell N. Y. hotels than at most of the summer places where the visitors furnish the hay, rain or shine.

Franklin P. Adams.

Baltimore

WEDDINGS hereabouts are bigger than ever, and Ike Emerson, the popular bromo seltzer mfr., has ordered a new yacht.

***Ed Knopf, Alf's brother, went to Europe and tested out that champagne recipe for seasickness. "All O. K.," Ed cables.

✪ The dirty crooks who made off with ye scribe's spare tire are known and if said tire is not returned their names will be handed to the constable and prosecution will follow.

***Bill Broening, our sturdy Burgess, is fixing up to attend the Moose convention in Wales. Bill will join anything and has the best badge collection in town.

***Henry Mencken doesn't seem as pert as he was before he went to Houston.

Several city slickers are to be seen on the corners selling knife sharpeners and sleeve holders. Patronize the home emporiums if you want the town to grow is our advice to those who are fooled by smooth talk.

Gilbert Kanour.

Milwaukee

A THIRSTY burglar broke into Irv Seaman's home the other night and snatched fifty bottles of bonded, pre-war syrup of corn, which Irv had about the place in case he ever felt a cold or a chill coming onto him. Happily, says Irv, the culprit missed a package of cough drops.

***Bill Cuddy, a writing person of here, was up to Brule last week to see a fellow about a mess of trout.

***Oscar Greenwald, the busy general manager of Gimbel's, spent a recent afternoon at the Yacht Club faultlessly attired in his new pearl-gray riding habit. You can't tell a fellow by the cut of his clothes, eh, Oscar?

***Former brew-master Schmidler, from upper Huffmeister Avenue, dropped into the Geraldine Tea Shop the other afternoon, where, in deep reverie, he managed to force down a tumbler of iced tea.

Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey's Mammoth Circus, with blood-sweating behemoths and Fatima, the little dancer that shakes all over, et al, will open here for a short spell on July 23.—*Adv.*

Ian Hartnett.

Spokane

THERE is a good deal of mining activity hereabouts, both vocal and instrumental.

***In a recent public address, Senator C. C. Dill (Dem., Wash.) spoke quite highly of the American flag.

***L. W. Hutton was recently made a Master of Arts, and is quite set up over it, seeing as authorities on etiquette advise him he is now entitled to go in to dinner ahead of a District Sales Manager.

Ralph Gordon, popular grocer, cartoonist, restaurateur and Harvard man, has offered his accordion for sale, it having served its purpose, which was to make him a social success.

A goodly number of airplanes, the same constituting Henry Ford's national reliability tour, is expected to spend two or three days at the airport this week. Local wiseacres say they have inside information that Mr. Ford did not come

along, and that it is only a road company.

A cowboy from a rodeo company was taken to the emergency hospital last Saturday P. M. He had got lost near the stockyards and was badly frightened by a cow.

Stoddard King.

Toronto

EVERYBODY is out of town for the warm spell and Lucy Doyle, our well-known society scribe and Prince of Wales tour reporter, is finding more time than usual to devote to her snappy runabout.

Lady Eaton of this town was introduced to the King at one of his intimate little parties at Buckingham Palace while in England.

Steve Leacock, the eminent college professor, mosquito swatter and funny writer, is summering out at his place near Orillia. Stephen had his mother-in-law to stay with him recently.

Claude and Mrs. Graham-Browne, recently wed, have moved the wedding gifts and the family hyphen to their new house in Moore Park.

Seems as how, to judge by Harry Drayton's remark, Ontario breweries are producing millions more kegs of beer per annum than it would be possible for the homebrews to drink, even if everybody quit work to lend a hand. It's a good thing for the brewers they can find such a ready market for the surplus in foreign countries.

Recent pictures show Buick-manufacturer McLaughlin, who was a recent visitor to town, stepping out of his brand-new Cadillac. Mac must be waiting for Buick to build those better cars they were talking about in the ads.

Our new Union Station continues to land its passengers in the freight yards, which are only a stone's throw from the taxi entrance, providing you use a ten-inch howitzer to throw the first stone.

Leslie Roberts.

Boston

AMELIA EARHART, of here, had her picture in a New York rotogravure section recently.

Since the wool business got slack, gin making is now our third largest industry.

Local financiers have abandoned the biggest department store on earth that they were going to build in Park Sq. The earth remains there, but the biggest department store won't go up.

Porter Adams, the big aviation man of here and Washington, is smoking a pipe that looks funny and is funny. Too bad folks didn't see that trick pipe sooner, Porter. They would have nominated you for Vice-President, maybe.

John Coolidge, who was recently graduated at Amherst, will get a job right soon as he will shortly have to support his father.

Ed Hickey comes on from Chicago every week to spend Sunday with his growing family. You wouldn't think there was enough money in the loose leaf ledger business to spend all that carfare.

Jos. P. Kennedy of here, who has been made head of all the Keith Theaters in America, is having quite a few friends tackle him for passes.

If you don't see your name here, look for it next week.—*Adv.*

Neal O'Hara.

Toledo

RUSS HOSLER is contemplating spending part of the heated term on a non-stop flight from Seattle (Wash.) to Tokio (Jap.)

The knots in the neckties of our younger element seem to be getting bigger and bigger. John Barrymore, Gilbert Roland, and Ian Keith could do something about this, if they wanted to.

Henri Meache, who has cheffed in our leading hosteleries, has opened a sandwich shoppe with novel features, one being that the ham is not put on with a brush.

The Transcontinental Airport of here has the greatest banana-peeling, pop-bottle and peanut-shell capacity in the county.

The penny-matching games indulged in by Grand Jury witnesses in the Fed. Bldg. corridors have been put a stop to.

Don't know whether Harold Peterson plays golf or not, but if you do, Har, you ought to try and visit that new domicile you've built for yourself in Ottawa Hills, it being a beauty.

Old Subscriber.

Birmingham

AESOP'S FABLES is one of the added attractions at the Trianon Theater here. A laugh is promised all patrons by the manager of the theater.

Russell Fillmore, a former Birmingham boy and now on the stage, played here last week. Congratulations, Russell!

A lot of people put out their good dough to see you behind the footlights, when they could have seen you several years ago for nothing.

***The street car company has been circulating some rather cute slogans among their employees. One of them is, "It is better to have three mothers-in-law than one accident."

✧ A very prominent bootlegger was seen downtown the other day driving a brand-new car, the second within two months. That's proof of how good business is in Birmingham.

***Johnny Mack Brown, an Alabama boy, in the movies and making a big success, was in New York the other week. Did you buy a copy of the *Age-Herald* to read about the home folks, Johnny?

***Emil Barnes, who plays baseball with the Washington baseball team, will be married by the time this reaches you. He married the daughter of Katherine Tolson, of Birmingham. In spite of the fact that we dislike weddings because of the sadness of them, we can't help but congratulate Emil.

Robert H. Brown.

Portland, Ore.

ERIC V. HAUSER returned from Japan recently, where he had been touring, and the first thing that met him at the depot was a mayoralty boom, which he stepped upon firmly but decisively.

***Chief of Police Jenkins has been conducting the annual pre-election housecleaning to the great temporary inconvenience of those involved.

***Senator Charles L. McNary is home from Washington, renewing his acquaintance with the boys in these parts. By the way, Mac, what ever happened to that law of yours?

***Brig. Gen. George A. White has had the national guard down at Camp Clatsop for some time, demonstrating the hypothetical problems of war and also proving that food will win even a hypothetical war.

***Many California tourists have been passing through lately, giving us an opportunity to show 'em that we have "very unusual weather" up here, too.

Dean Collins.

FATHER: Madge, is that young man ever going home?

DAUGHTER: We've been talking that over and we've decided that it all depends upon you.



MANAGER: Hooray, I've signed you to fight young Biffo!

FIGHTER: Young Biffo? Ya won't get me into no fight with him! I hate that guy!

Rejected

"COULD you spare a poor man a bite to eat, mum?"

"Why don't you go to work? Surely you must know some trade."

"I've been a steeplejack, a sign painter and a parachute jumper. Also a sailor—"



THE TRADER

"Why did you stop peddling aluminum ware?"

"Every darn woman I tried to sell wanted me to let her write my experiences."

"Were you ever shipwrecked?"

"Many a time. Also a sandwich man, a plumber, a structural-steel worker, a tight-rope walker, and a book agent."

"I suppose you've been kicked out of many places?"

"Many! Madam, I've been kicked out of every place."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. Then I've been an automobile salesman, a traffic cop, a human fly, a bootlegger and a Prohibition agent."

"A jack-of-all-trades, you might say."

"No, mum, a cartoonist's model."

Bill Sykes.

Only 99% Perfect

HER hair is adorably cut,

Her lips hint mysterious blisses,

She's teasing, squeezable, but

She opens her eyes when she kisses!

My heart on beholding her burned,

I murmured in rapture: "Oh, this is

The girl of my dreams!" Then I learned

She opens her eyes when she kisses!

Our wooing, our cooing is through—

To my name she'll never add "Mrs."

Farewell to this damosel who

Must open her eyes when she kisses!

Arthur L. Lippmann.

SAYINGS of Mussolini — "The Italics are mine."



THE POLITICAL FRONT

A Mudless Campaign

THE MOST interesting aspect of the approaching campaign for the presidency will be the performance of Alfred E. Smith as a campaigner. The Democratic hope of success hangs principally on Mr. Smith's ability to appeal to the vast lower stratum in the social and economic structure of this country. It is already forecast that Mr. Smith will eschew such remote subjects as foreign affairs and limitation of armaments. He will, as one of his friends has announced, show how he would act as President, "so as to make the U. S. A. a little better place in which to live."

The Governor's humanitarian qualities will not want for exploitation. His speeches will be limited to carefully prepared discussions in strategic parts of the country. Whether his peculiar magnetism is capable of transmission through the microphone is dubious. The radio is an advantage to Herbert Hoover, who cannot face an audience, and a disadvantage to Mr. Smith, who delights in direct contact with his public.

The radio will, in a sense, devitalize this campaign, for most radio speeches are nothing more than the reading of formal manuscripts in which spontaneity is absent.

Thus that particular complex of heart, instinct and mind which is Alfred E. Smith will reach our electorate after a series of dilutions. Mr. Hoover is mind rather than manner, but Mr. Smith is a combination of both.

The Smith manner cannot be projected into the ether over a radio hook-up; the Hoover mind can.

* * *

THE REPUBLICANS have but one issue in this fight—an appeal to the great business and middle class to continue Republican prosperity and good government. The Democrats' one real issue is their candidate. Something will be said—and said with more vehemence than intelligence—about the problem of American agriculture. But in all states which can be set down as really doubtful, Prohibition and religion will heavily influence the outcome. The disqualifications which Gov.

Smith must surmount were pithily expressed at Houston: "He is a Democrat running in a Republican country, a wet running in a dry country, and a Catholic running in a Protestant country."

There are some large assumptions in this formula, but on the whole it is valid. Mr. Smith is the candidate of a minority party, which is out of power; his frank and courageous stand on Prohibition is applauded, but it remains to be demon-

strated that those who drink wet will not continue to vote dry. That religious prejudice will function in the campaign is obvious even to those who think it politic to deny it.

No person can predict what part Prohibition will play in the outcome, or whether religion will prove determinative in particular communities. The Governor's soundest course is to stand firm on his own opinions, his own character, his own background, to present himself as a whole man, to confine his pronouncements to those problems with which he is really familiar, and to avoid the adoption of a synthetic statesmanship in the larger field in which he has had no experience, and with regard to which he probably has an open mind rather than definite convictions. Although an Easternized and industrialized Democratic party which



THE CHAP WHO TOOK THE BLINDFOLD TEST....AND FLUNKED OUT!

emerges as a result of Mr. Smith's nomination will have little use for Jacksonian methods, it is in a Jacksonian campaign that Gov. Smith's chief hope of victory must rest. At the same time, he must and will avoid any hint of the economic quixoticism which flavored the entire reign of Bryan. The Democratic party in this campaign will treat American business and even Wall Street with the utmost deference, for business fear of a Democratic administration is far from being dispelled. If any Democrat can dispel it, Alfred E. Smith is the man.

THE RATHER frenetic abuse of Mr. Claude Bowers' "Keynote" speech at Houston, which was a combination of high school declamation and middle nineteenth century melodrama, does not commend itself to Gov. Smith as good campaign material. It is poor tactics to call the sainted Mr. Mellon names. It is apparent that the country, sunk in comfortable materialism, will not react to the moral issue of corruption. The oil scandal fell flat in 1924, and there is no reason to suppose that it will contribute to Republican defeat in 1928.

The factor that decides elections in this country is a ground-swell of sentiment, working according to laws which are not comprehended, but which, in any case, do not rest on the exercise of the intelligence or the association of moral sense.

Mr. Hoover's managers have announced that personalities will be avoided in the campaign, and there is every probability that Mr. Smith will be equally considerate of his opponent's private feelings. Thus, there will be no exchanges of mud barrages, for the time being, at least.

I predict that the Democrats will make little use of the corruption issue and even less use of Mr. Hoover's peculiar companionship with William S. Vare. In view of Mr. Vare's reputation as a practical politician in Philadelphia, which I shall not attempt to paint, this quaint companionship would normally offer good campaign material to the Democrats. But it appears that Mr. Vare has been gracious enough to promise Gov. Smith a fair count in Philadelphia; and so the character, associations, and practices of the Senator-eject from Pennsylvania will not be exposed in Democratic campaign speeches. It may even be that Mr. Vare, being extremely wet, would not object very much to Alfred E. Smith's election.

Whether Tammany Hall has promised, in return, that Herbert Hoover shall have a fair count in New York is not ap-



AT TUNNEY'S TRAINING CAMP

KIND-HEARTED MOTORIST (to the champion): If you fellows are in a hurry to get some place, I'll gladly give you a lift.

parent, but I doubt that any promise as binding and definite as that has been or will be made.

Henry Suydam.

"You're going to have a fine college all right, but isn't it a bit difficult starting out without any traditions?"

"Oh, that'll be all right. We've already got a Committee on Traditions at work."



MILDRED (icily): And shall I return the engagement ring?

FRANK: Oh, no, don't bother; I'll just have the notice of the next instalment sent to you.

Adjustment

THE WINDOW held a small and select assortment of fine watches, tastefully arranged. The establishment was unusually dignified for Sixth Avenue. But the well-dressed and jaunty young man who was just putting his watch in his pocket as he stepped out of the door seemed the least bit disconcerted at being hailed by a friend.

"Oh, hello," he responded, with all the nonchalance of a man waiting for a street-car. "I was just getting my watch repaired. It's been gaining."

"That so?" the other said casually, glancing at the show window.

Reluctantly the young man followed his friend's gaze, only to encounter the neat gold letters announcing "LOANS."

"Yes," he added. "In fact, the other day it gained twenty dollars."

Don Moore.

CONTAGION

KAYLOR: Do you still make motion pictures out at your house?

TAYLOR: No—we had to stop that. Our son Egbert began writing wise-cracking subtitles.

"Not even my meanest enemy," exulted Brigham Young, "can say that I was a companionate polygamist!"



LIFE's Camps for Needy Children

Full Speed Ahead!

MODEST and all as we are by nature, we simply have to crow about LIFE's Camps for Needy Children.

The Camps are going full speed ahead—and here it is only the middle of July.

The Camp for Boys at Pottersville, New Jersey, is more than ever efficient and inspiring. The Camp for Girls at Branchville, Connecticut, is in better condition and lovelier than it has been in years.

And the weather! Even that has been of the best—sparkling and full of health-giving breezes. A very different kind of air from that which tries to find its way, stealthily, through the high, narrow windows of the terrible tenements.

Children in greater number than ever before have implored us to give them a few days of freedom and joy in the open country, have pleaded, piteously, to have a chance to grow strong and happy. Of course you understand that the unemployment situation which has for so long



Al Smith

When the Democratic Candidate for the presidency was a boy of twelve, LIFE took its first consignment of poor children from the burning "sidewalks of New York" that he knew so well, and gave them happy holidays in the country. Read what Governor Smith has to say about poor children and hot pavements in the accompanying article.

gripped the country lays a particularly heavy hand upon the city's poor and re-

sults in less and less care and provision for the children.

But there are energetic spirits and willing, sympathetic hearts helping to put these very necessary holidays across in a wonderful way.

All that remains is for *you* to join in the work.

Without you we are helpless. The Camps will close—the children will suffer—and altogether, the thing is unthinkable. For forty-one years the Camps have been maintained entirely through the unflagging generosity of LIFE's great-hearted readers.

Writing to the Community Councils of New York a few days ago, Governor Alfred E. Smith, of whom many of you have heard, said: "*There is no picture more pitiful than the city child dragging himself around the hot pavements with no play facilities.*"

Emanating from this particular presidential candidate, we think we may fairly take his word for it. Resisting a temptation to go on and give you a searing description of a child's life in the slums, we ask you, instead, to ponder a moment on Governor Smith's word "dragging." It tells it all.

Well, there's no dragging at LIFE's Camps.

In the brief time that the children are there, they become ruddy and sturdy and unafraid and rested and happy.

Such things are not achieved by dragging. They are the result of tireless study and effort on (Please turn to page 30)

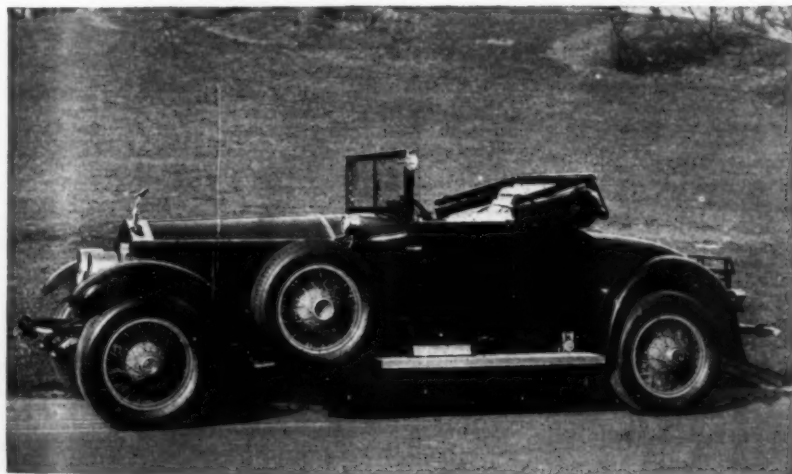
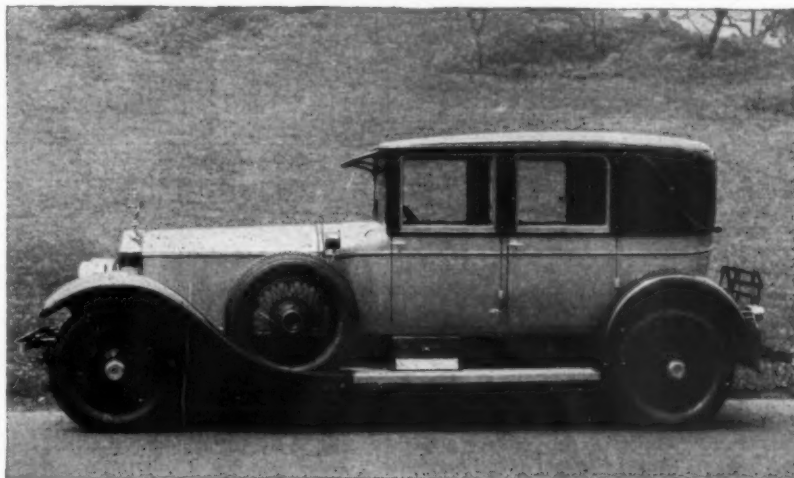


Here, in the sleeping tents at our Boys' Camp at Pottersville, N. J., with the clean air sweeping away all thought of the old huddled existence, a chap can dream fine dreams—of becoming President—of outflying Lindbergh—of striking out Babe Ruth!

THERE is nothing owned by people of means and taste so much used as their motor car, and there is no like investment that will give such return in comfort, safety, and satisfaction, as owning the "Best Car in the World."

TILBURY

KS-127-ML was particularly designed for the man or woman who prefers to drive. Five passengers are accommodated in comfort. A pleasing sense of privacy is afforded by a solid rear quarter. Two tones of blue, striped in silver, with a combination of broadcloth and hand crushed leather upholstery in gray.



STRATFORD

Chassis KS-392-RL, collapsible coupe coachwork, ideal for sports or touring. Large, comfortable dickey seat allows for two extra passengers when desired. Touring it affords ample space for luggage and golf bags. The black finish, with tan broadcloth upholstery, adds to the smartness of this design.

Re-sale Rolls-Royce cars in seven types
of coachwork from \$4,000 to \$12,900

ROLLS-ROYCE

NEW YORK—58th at Eighth Ave.
NEWARK—190 Washington St.
BOSTON—1035 Commonwealth Ave.
CHICAGO—123 Oak Street, East
CINCINNATI, 11 East 8th St.

LOS ANGELES—3136 Wilshire Blvd.
CLEVELAND—7505 Carnegie Ave.
PITTSBURGH—3939 Forbes St.
SAN FRANCISCO—461 Post St.
COLUMBUS—362 East Broad St.

PHILADELPHIA—Walnut and 21st St.
MONTREAL—4010 St. Catherine St.,
West
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—454 Bridge St.
HARTFORD—326 Pearl St.



CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE

Drama

More or Less Serious

Coquette. *Maxine Elliott's*—Helen Hayes's performance in this tragedy of flirtation and chivalry makes it one of the "must" items on any list.

Diamond Lil. *Royale*—Life in bad old New York back in the Nineties, with Mae West to give it that certain touch.

The Ladder. *Cort*—Real American currency is now being asked for admission to this but Broadway is not yet buzzing with reports of how the plan is working out. We may see it again ourself next week; so just sit right where you are.

Porgy. *Republic*—A splendid production of a Negro play which opened the Theater Guild's highly successful season last year.

The Silent House. *Shubert*—Generally mysterious goings-on, culminating in a complicated dénouement involving tricky Chinese.

The Skull. *Forrest*—A somewhat less than expert attempt to terrify.

Strange Interlude. *John Golden*—A five-hour laying-bare of a woman's soul. Should be seen for conversational purposes if for nothing else.

The Trial of Mary Dugan. *Sam H. Harris*—A murder trial which you can sit through without flinching.

Comedy and Things Like That

The Bachelor Father. *Belasco*—A completely harmless and dainty handling of bastardy in its more elfin forms, with June Walker, C. Aubrey Smith and Geoffrey Kerr to make it even better.

Burlesque. *Plymouth*—Love-life on the burlesque wheel. Very good in spots. Hal Skelly and Barbara Stanwyck head the cast.

Married—And How! *Little*—Might have been better and certainly might have had a better title.

Paris Bound. *Music Box*—Some problems of married life discussed charmingly by Madge Kennedy and company.

The Royal Family. *Selwyn*—The way actors talk when they are at home—if they are very clever and entertaining actors.

Skidding. *Bijou*—Home-comedy of negligible proportions.

Volpone. *Guild*—A robust Renaissance farce depicting the sorrows of extreme wealth and general debility.

Wanted. *Wallack's*—To be reviewed next week.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Black Birds of 1928. *Liberty*—Don't look any farther than this colored show if you like dancing and elementary hot noises.

A Connecticut Yankee. *Vanderbilt*—Considerable fun and very nice music derived from monkeying with Mark Twain's old book.

Good News. *Forty-Sixth Street*—Still going very strong and very peppy.

Grand Street Follies. *Booth*—For those who are willing to sacrifice carnal display for the cleverest parody in town.

Greenwich Village Follies. *Winter Garden*—Good, regulation summer stuff, with "Dr." Rockwell's helpful clinics to give you something to think about.

Present Arms. *Mansfield*—The best of the more recent musical offerings. Charles King and Joyce Barbour are in the cast.

Rain or Shine. *Cohan*—Joe Cook's musical invention provides some of the loudest laughter ever heard on the American stage.

Rosalie. *New Amsterdam*—A Ziegfeld embellishment of what would have been ordinarily just another

musical comedy, except that an ordinary musical comedy wouldn't have Jack Donahue and Marilyn Miller in it.

Say When. *Morocco*—A nice production of pleasant, if unexciting, summer fare.

Show Boat. *Ziegfeld*—The banner event of the musical comedy season, with a cast including Charles Winniger, Helen Morgan, Puck and White and Norma Terris.

The Three Musketeers. *Lyric*—A rather refreshing old-fashioned romantic note, with Dennis King singing up good and loud.

Robert Benchley.

Reading Matters

Fact

The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism. By George Bernard Shaw. *Brentano's*—Mr. Shaw thinks well of the ladies, and whether you do or not, there are too few intelligent books to pass one by.

Houdini: His Life Story. By Harold Kellok. *Harcourt, Brace*—By all rights, this excellent biography of the Handcuff King ought to be listed with the thrillers and other improbabilities.

Wayne Wheeler, Dry Boss. By Justin Stuart. *Revell*—Dry—in more ways than one, but interesting because of its bearing on the present price of liquor.

Fiction

Swan Song. By John Galsworthy. *Scribner's*—The patient genealogist of the Forsyte family concludes his labors. Interesting, even to outsiders, and anyone who hasn't read "The Forsyte Saga," "The White Monkey," and "The Silver Spoon" is practically an outsider.

Jerome; or, The Latitude of Love. By Maurice Bedel. *Viking*—The love life of a Frenchman in Norway. Light, deft, and swift; a true French farce. Recommended travel literature.

Trader Horn: Volume Two—"Harold the Webbed or the Young Vikings." By Alfred Aloysius Horn and Ethelreda Lewis. *Simon & Schuster*—Second volume of Mr. Horn's second childhood.

The Window. By Alice Grant Rosman. *Minton, Balch*—We think you'll enjoy this fine and moving tale of post-war England.

The Six Proud Walkers. By Francis Beeding. *Little, Brown*—A young Englishman, on a Roman holiday, falls into one of those improbable and thrilling adventures so popular this time of year.

Scissors Cut Paper. By Gerard Fairlie. *Little, Brown*—Counterfeiters, death ray, and secret passages. More improbable than the above, and consequently just a little sillier.

The Fifteen Cells. By Stuart Martin. *Harper's*—Short mystery tales featuring the well-known trifling errors, always made by literary criminals, which invariably land them behind the bars.

Caught! By Homer Croy. *Harper's*—Harrowing account of a Mid-West wife whose Greenwich Village girlhood confronts her in the flesh. Unnecessary reading.

Pilgrims of the Impossible. By Coningsby Dawson. *Doubleday, Doran*—Good, honest novel of England, Canada, the war, and what they did to a minister's son, an actress and a ne'er-do-well.

Eva's Apples. By William Gerhardt. *Duffield—Green.*

And Also

What'll We Do Now? By Edward Longstreth and Leonard T. Holton. . . . **The Road to Heaven.** By Thomas Beer. . . . **Quiet Cities.** By Joseph Herges-

heimer. . . . **Tammany Hall.** By M. R. Werner. . . . **But Gentlemen Marry Brunettes.** By Anita Loos. . . . **Sunset Gun.** By Dorothy Parker. . . . **The Virgin Queen.** By Harford Powel, Jr. . . . **The Closed Garden.** By Julian Green. . . . **The Greene Murder Case.** By S. S. Van Dine.

Perry Githens.

Silent Drama

Recent Developments

The Drag Net. *Paramount*—The sponsors of "Underworld" have turned out another and even better crook melodrama. In this one, George Bancroft appears on the side of law and order.

The Cossacks. *Metro-Goldwyn*—John Gilbert in a Russian "Western," with some hard riding, effective costumes and lukewarm romance.

The Lion and the Mouse. *Warner Bros.*—When Lionel Barrymore speaks out in this old-fashioned "problem play," you realize that the days of golden silence on the silver screen are gone forever.

The Street of Sin. *Paramount*—A somewhat pointless but always interesting story of a crook who gets religion, with Emil Jannings as good as usual.

Fazio. *Fox*—Many people have written in to ask how the title of this picture is pronounced. It doesn't really matter much.

Laugh, Clown, Laugh. *Metro-Goldwyn*—Advancing the novel theory that a clown isn't always the gay, happy fellow that he appears.

Ladies of the Mob. *Paramount*—If it's a Paramount picture, it's a crook melodrama. Clara Bow does good work as a gunman's moll.

The News Parade. *Fox*—A few fresh laughs set into a great deal of stale hokum.

Fools for Luck. *Paramount*—Two fine comedians but no comedy.

Ramona. *United Artists*—Dolores Del Rio looks lovely and so does the California scenery, but the picture has about five reels too many.

Tempest. *United Artists*—A fine performance by John Barrymore as an oppressed Russian peasant who has his revenge.

His Tiger Lady. *Paramount*—Adolphe Menjou is always pleasant, but he needs a new routine.

Street Angel. *Fox*—An exceedingly dull romance with an "O Sole Mio" accompaniment.

The Big Noise. *First National*—Some crude comedy and some shrewd satire, purveyed by Chester Conklin.

Across to Singapore. *Metro-Goldwyn*—Ramón Novarro, Joan Crawford and Ernest Torrence in a real thriller.

Mother Machree. *Fox*—Another appealing mother rôle for Belle Bennett.

The Trail of '98. *Metro-Goldwyn*—Alaskan melodrama on a grand scale.

A Girl in Every Port. *Fox*—Capturing some of the spirit of "What Price Glory?"

The Gaucho. *United Artists*—The ardent admirers of Doug Fairbanks will do well to pass this up.

Uncle Tom's Cabin. *Universal*—I wish the North and South would get together and settle this slavery question, one way or the other.

The End of St. Petersburg. *Hammerstein; The Man Who Laughs, Universal; Steamboat Bill, Jr., United Artists; Sunrise, Fox; and Wings, Paramount*—These are all good.

R. E. Sherwood.

NOTE: The regular Silent Drama reviews are omitted this week because of general humidity.

Hiawatha's Hia Education

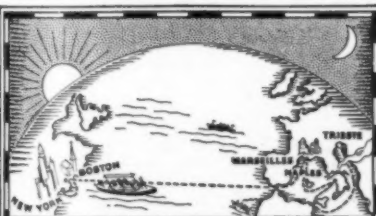
"The American Indian has reached the end of the trail. His future lies in his adaptation of himself to the ways of the white man and his absorption into the ranks of the self-supporting and self-respecting citizens of the United States."
—*New York Herald Tribune.*

THEN the little Hiawatha
Learned the noble ways of white men,
Met their dames and learned their secrets,
How they socked their braves with ham-
mers,
Where they went to meet the boy-friend,
Bought them drinks whene'er he met
them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."

Of the men he learned the language,
Learned of gin and jazz and necking,
Learned of stocks that cleaned up mil-
lions,
Learned of contact, sales-promotion,
What a great thing was Kiwanis,
Learned of golf and tire troubles,
Joined the Best-Book-of-the-Month Club,
Learned to be a hearty mixer,
Why George Babbitt was a salesman,
How Joe Gonnick built his bridges,
Slapped their backs whene'er he met
them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Buddies."

Henry William Hanemann.

MODERN version: "Who was that lady I saw you hopping across the Atlantic Ocean with last night?"—*New York Sun.*



To PARIS & ITALY Marseilles, Vienna, Trieste, Italy and Central Europe

For a change—try this de luxe Southern Service to Paris, via Marseilles. World's fastest motor-ships to Paris, Vienna, Trieste, Rome, the Riviera and Central Europe. The last word in luxurious accommodations and cuisine. Motor ferry service—drive on here, drive off at destination—no crating or packing; surprisingly economical rates. Send for brochure of interiors, descriptions, rates, and sailing dates.

Any Steamship Agent, or Direct to
PHELPS & CO., General Agents

Cosulich Line

19 Battery Place, New York

Sail on World's Fastest Motor Ships

SATURNIA VULCANIA
24,000 Gross Tons— 24,000 Gross Tons—
No Smoke or Cinders No Smoke or Cinders

PRESIDENTE WILSON
Famous for Her Superior Service to Italy



The tobaccometer rates them... Bulb draws smoke from cigarette through the apparatus. A sensitive thermometer registers temperature of the smoke.

The tobaccometer TELLS YOU!

Let the tobaccometer tell you what's what in cigarettes. This near-human little apparatus recently took 10,000 "puffs" in one day!

It puffed on two dozen leading brands... high-brow and low-brow, Turkish and Burley, thirty-five and fifteen cent varieties. It was blind to their claims and slogans. It could rate them only by cold, scientific figures.

Which brand did the Tobaccometer find coolest?

Spud... coolest by 16.3% [cent.]. "Whew," said the attending chemist. "What Spud claims is true. It is actually and noticeably cooler."

So go ahead, you cigarette enthusiasts! There's no exceeding the Spud limit! Two packs a day, if you want to... because there's no "smoked out feeling" in Spud... just lusty, lasting tobacco enjoyment, unhindered by any so-many-a-day discipline.

It all starts with Spud's first puff—an indescribably delightful little shock of coolness that has an unending follow through. You owe your throat and your senses a Spud experience.

Read of Spud's overnight success in the entertaining pages of "Welcome, Little Stranger". Free. Also send \$1 for Presentation Tin of 100.

THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO COMPANY, INC., Louisville, Ky.

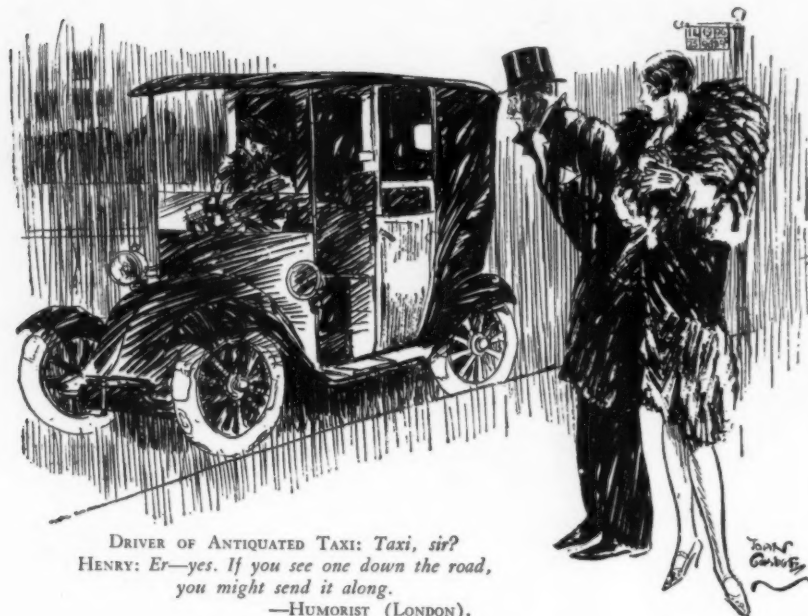
SPUD

MENTHOL COOLED

Cigarettes... 20 for 20¢

Our Foolish Contemporaries

"Aut Scissors aut Nullus"



DRIVER OF ANTIQUATED TAXI: Taxi, sir?
HENRY: Er—yes. If you see one down the road,
you might send it along.
—HUMORIST (LONDON).



MRS. DEMOSTHENES: Here, Danny, run down to
the store for a dime's worth of pebbles. Daddy's
going to speak tonight.

—CALIFORNIA PELICAN.

SHAME!

A REPRESENTATIVE body of master plumbers called last week on a well-known American humorous weekly to protest against the plumber-jokes which the latter constantly printed.

It is maliciously rumored that one of the delegates had to go back for the protest, which had been forgotten.—*London Daily Chronicle*.

WHAT ARE WE COMING TO?

ONE more sartorial insult has been handed to the less deadly of the species. An advertisement for boys' wear carries the line:

"For Lads 6 to 12 Years Old—Flapper Pants."
—*Detroit Free Press*.

A PROCESS-SERVER has sued Gloria Swanson for twenty-five thousand dollars damages for slapping him. That is not the way to feel about the touch of a woman's hand.—*New Yorker*.

TO START

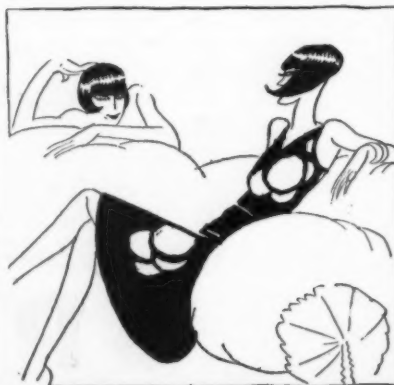
OCCASIONALLY one finds a youth traveling an unresponsive path and by merest accident puts him right. As in the case of one young spring graduate, who came to us yesterday for advice about entering the field of journalism. We're invariably conscientious about such things, so we unreservedly advised him to get into the advertising end of the business, where the money is. Waxing enthusiastic, we said:

"Why, one man in a New York company does nothing but sit in his office and dig up ideas! Think of it! He gets \$30,000 a year for just sitting in his office!"

"Well," said the perfectly serious Young Hopeful, "I'd just as soon do that."

—*Buffalo Courier-Express*.

"Horses Dislike Some Riders."—*Sun headline*.
SOMETIMES we've had the feeling that horses dislike some bettors.—*New York World*.



"My sweetheart gave me a rainbow kiss."
"What kind of a kiss is that?"
"The one that comes after the storm."
—*EXCELSIOR (MEXICO CITY)*.

INSPIRATIONAL STUFF

"Dress well and succeed in a new shirt."
—*Haberdasher's ad*.

If you're feelin' all discouraged,
And you're ready, 'most, to quit,
If you've lost the old ambition
And your hopes have hit the grit,
Never weaken, boy, I tell you,
Don't let on that you are hurt—
R'ar right up, and face your troubles
In an English Broadcloth, Exceptional Val-
ues, in All Sizes at \$2.48 Shirt!

Men have reached the top before you
Who found trouble on their way,
But their classy shirts upheld them
In the thickest of the fray;
You can pick the keen go-getter,
Always eager and alert,
By his square-cut jaws and shoulders
And his Piccadilly Lounger, in madras and ox-
ford, special week-end offering at \$3.48
Shirt!

Though the road is rough and rocky
You must follow to success,
You can make it, if you study
How the snappy dressers dress.
It is not the coat he's wearing
Makes the man, old saws assert—
And they're right; the badge of greatness
Is the Real Japanese silk, all fashionable
shades, better buy a dozen at this price,
Special \$7.66 Shirt!
—*S. K., in Spokane Spokesman-Review*.



NURSE (to hospital visitor): I say, you mustn't
come in here in that get-up.
—*WEEKLY TELEGRAPH (LONDON)*.

THE TRUTH AT LAST

AN ACQUAINTANCE of mine, an artist, who recently shaved off his beard, confided to me that his wife had left him.

"It's leave or be left these days," I consoled him, but, of course, I was polite enough to ask if the removal of his beard had anything to do with her take-off.

"Yes," he replied; "when she saw me without my beard she said: 'Now I know why I never liked you!'" —*New York Evening World*.

VOTE FOR ROGERS!

ONE of the most beautiful words in the language, in presidential years at least, is this: Bunk.
—*Ohio State Journal*.

CERTAIN investigating committees have discovered that big money doesn't talk.
—*Arkansas Gazette*.

THE ART OF MISQUOTATION

At a banquet at the Biltmore recently a prominent Broadwayite made a talk, part of it including a sentence by an immortal poet. After the speech the guest next to him whispered: "You had that line of Keats's a bit twisted."

"I did it that way purposely—I didn't want them to think I had only read it the day before."—*New York Evening Journal*.

Cellarette, slideboard or ocean steamer kit is incomplete without Abbott's Bitters. Aids digestion. Sample by mail, 25 cts. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

ROUND FOR ROUND

A NEW YORK sports expert is described as frequently gulping down fifteen cups of black coffee at a sitting. This is an insidious practice which may keep him awake during the Heency fight.

—*Detroit News*.

"Henry Morgan traded horses Wednesday. Henry Morgan went to Strykersville Thursday to have his eyes examined."

—*Mercyville (Ia.) Banner*.

FROM which we deduce that Hank was trimmed.

—*Buffalo Courier-Express*.

"She sat like patience on a monument."

"Modernize it. Make it a flagpole."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.



UNSATISFIED CUSTOMER (to exhausted hatter): I'm afraid none of these hats suit me. How do I look without one?

—LONDON OPINION.

OUR simile for the day: "As practical as an idealist's campaign manager."

—*Ohio State Journal*.

MR. BONAPARTE'S ORDEAL

THERE has been a movie about town done in colors which flamboyantly relates the story of Napoleon and Josephine. At one of the outlying theaters it was used as a curtain raiser, so to speak, for "The Circus," which two youngsters had come to see.

They were at first bored by the historical subject but became engrossed in the scene where Napoleon decides to divorce Josephine. The actor depicting the Emperor made it quite tragic. He sighed and scowled and strutted about and at length dropped into a regal chair and buried his face in his hands. His shoulders heaved. He carried on for a long time.

Finally one of the boys turned to the other and whispered excitedly, "What do ya bet he kills himself?"—*New Yorker*.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

AN ECONOMIST

"Why do you laugh so loudly at the comic pictures? Are you really amused?"

"No. I'm only trying to get my money's worth."—*Washington Star*.

FROM the modern Herrick: "Whenas in rayon my Julia goes."—*New York World*.

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Yearly Subscription Rate, \$5.00 (Canadian, \$5.80; Foreign, \$6.60).

Teeth so white YET...

4 out of 5 get Pyorrhea

SEEMINGLY safe with teeth so white, 4 out of 5 after forty, and thousands younger, find themselves victims of Pyorrhea. This grim foe of health ignores the teeth and attacks the gums.

So to be on the safe side, see your dentist every six months and use the dentifrice that does far more than keep teeth clean.

Every morning and every night, brush your teeth with Forhan's for the Gums.

As a dentifrice alone, you would prefer it. Without the use of harsh abrasives it quickly restores teeth to their natural whiteness and protects them against acids which cause decay.

And in addition, if used regularly and in time, it helps gums to resist Pyorrhea by keeping them sound and healthy.

Get a tube of Forhan's. Use this dentifrice morning and night. Teach your children this good habit which will protect their health in years to come. Also massage your gums daily with Forhan's, following directions in booklet that comes with tube. Two sizes—35c and 60c.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S. Forhan Company, New York



Forhan's for the gums

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS



The "Fortnight" at Le Touquet...

September's two first weeks at Le Touquet-Paris-Plage . . . the smartest interlude on the Continent . . . a miniature Channel town linking Mayfair and Park Avenue to the faubourgs . . . the pet autumn discovery of people with trans-continental knowledge . . .

Pine woods . . . a crack 18-hole golf course . . . polo . . . Lanvin and Callot being subtle in the midst of simplicity . . . visiting Princes and ambassadors . . . the Casino where play runs high after midnight . . . late dinners at the new Forêt restaurant . . . *l'heure de l'aperitif* at the Farm des Charmettes . . . Paris and London so near as to be flight unworthy of a crow . . .

The Mauretania August 16th carries passengers to whom September means Le Touquet . . . or you can sail leisurely in the Carmania August 17th or the Lancaster, August 24th . . . Or in the Aquitania August 22nd and still strike Le Touquet's season at its height . . .

CUNARD LINE



See Your Local Agent

1840·EIGHTY·EIGHT·YEARS·OF·SERVICE·1928

Life's Camps for Needy Children

(Continued from page 24)

the part of the Director of the Camps and his corps of excellent counselors.

The Camps are sensibly scientific. Ten hours of sleep for the youngsters in huge, airy dormitories and in sleeping tents. At both the Camps overnight hikes are planned, during which the little denizens of the lower East Side (to whom sleeping on baking roofs and perilous fire-escapes is part of existence during midsummer) unfold their blankets under the stars, fill their pillows with balsam and lie down beside their camp fires drenched in peace and happy security. If you were suddenly to come upon one of these little groups you would weep for the very wonder and appeal of it.

And we want to mention the food that these children receive. A diet in which fresh vegetables, fruit and plenty of milk play the leading rôles makes pale little faces rosy, and scrawny little bodies plump and hardy.

And at the Camps, rating higher than anything else, there is an unplumbed supply of happiness. The happiness that comes from good care, real comradeship between the counselors and children, and constructive, well-directed play.

The letters of the children tell how they react to all this.

For instance—

There's our little Italian girl who tumbled a short distance out of a cherry tree at a moment when she should not have been in the cherry tree at all. Still it was a most commendable tumble, if you only look at it right.

"The flag was coming down, and the bugle was sounding. And I was up there in the tree and I had to do my duty and pledge allegiance, didn't I? And then this happened!"

And those nature stories that fill in long afternoons under the trees.

"Then we all heard about a cow's life, which is very interesting, indeed."

(Note: Look up a good life of a cow, and see if we haven't been letting something slip by.)

And then that boy at Pottersville who wrote:

"It's a grand place. The food is grand. I would like for Mr. Tom Mix to let us have his horse Tony for the summer here at the Camp. It would be grand."

How about it, Tom?

We could go on indefinitely. The Camps are our dearest treasures. We wear them as a decoration. We work for them, and we beg for them. Which brings us to the point of telling you once again that Twenty dollars (\$20) pays for one child for eighteen days at either of the Camps.

Those twenty dollars we need des-

Rich in health = values

Fruit Nourishment
Body-building Minerals
Energy Value

Just as "good for you" as fresh fruit.

Welch's Grape Juice is the juice of fresh fruit—pressed right from ripe Concord grapes.

It tastes deliciously of the ripe grapes no matter how you serve it,—straight, blended or diluted,—because the flavor is so pure and rich. No other grape juice has the fine flavor of Welch's, because Welch's is pressed from the very choicest grapes.

At the soda fountain, ask for straight Welch's or a Welch-ade. Some favorite ways to serve Welch's at home are printed on every label.

Free: Ideas for Popular Fruit Drinks and occasions to serve them. Send a postcard to The Welch Grape Juice Co., L-89, Westfield, N. Y. In Canada—St. Catharines, Ont.



Mix Welch's half and half with ginger ale.

WELCH'S

Once you've tasted Welch's
no other grape juice will do

perately. Because the children need the Camps desperately.

We beg you to send us twenty dollars—or more—or less, each of you who have read this. Send us a check today, do, like a nice human person. We are asking this for a great humanitarian work—a work which has been going on for four decades—and which must go on, as long as the children need us.

And please make the check out to LIFE's Fresh Air Fund, and mail to us at 598 Madison Avenue, New York.

L. A. F.

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Quex	10.00

(Continued on page 32)

MEDITERRANEAN

s s "Transylvania" sailing Jan. 30

66 days, \$600 to \$1750

Clark's 25th cruise, including Madeira, Canary Islands, Morocco, Spain, (Granada) Algiers, Malta, Athens, Constantinople, 15 days Palestine and Egypt, Italy, Riviera, Havre, (Paris), Glasgow. Europe stop-over. Including hotels, guides, motors, etc.

9th World Cruise (Westward)

Jan. 16; 110 days, \$1000 to \$2500

Expect about 650 tourists

F. C. CLARK, Times Bldg., N. Y.



How to Cure Back Seat Drivers

THE question is—Why is a back seat driver? Usually it's because She (and sometimes it's He) feels that the car isn't under control.

We say "feels," purposely. You know how it feels when an elevator starts too quickly!

It is neither your fault, her fault, nor your car's fault when the folks on the back seat get excited. You need Houdaille hydraulic double-acting shock absorbers to control the springs. They simply won't let them misbehave!

Double-acting means they control the springs in both directions, up and down. They soften the original bumps, as well as check recoil.

Lots of devices are sold to do what Houdailles do, but don't be

fooled. The ride will show you the difference. Remember, hydraulic and double-acting.

Houdailles are standard equipment on Lincoln, Ford, Pierce-Arrow, Nash Advanced Six, Jordan, Cunningham, Stearns-Knight and McFarlan. They are made for all makes and sizes of cars.

Drive around to Houdaille Headquarters in your town. Ride in a Houdaille-equipped car or try a set on your own car for thirty days, and feel the difference!

The coupon brings you a booklet on "How to Ride Smoothly over the Roughest Roads to Anywhere." A better title would be, "How to cure Back Seat Drivers," so you can see it is worth sending for.

HOUDAILLE

Hydraulic Double-Acting

SHOCK ABSORBERS



HOUE ENGINEERING CORPORATION, Dept. L7

537 E. Delavan Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.

Please send me your booklet and tell me where I can get Houdailles for my car.

I drive a.....

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

TOO GOOD TO KILL

People "kill" the ordinary cigarette when it's only half-smoked. The tobacco burns so fast that it roasts the flavor of the second half and becomes hot and parching... But the second half of your Melachrino tastes too good to "kill". It burns slowly. Keeps cool and mild to the last pleasant puff.

MILD AND COOL
MELACHRINO
CIGARETTES PLAIN, CORK and STRAW ENDS



Correctly designed, Reddy Tees travel only inches where other tees travel yards after the drives.

Sold everywhere. Red or yellow. 18 for 25c.

The Nieblo Mfg. Co., 38 E. 23rd St., New York City

The REDDY TEE

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

ASK FOR THEM BY NAME

Be sure you get the original and genuine



CAKE BOX MIXTURE

"The favorite tobacco with college men for 50 years"

LEAVITT & PEIRCE INC. MANUFACTURING TOBACCONISTS

"COOL UNDER FIRE"

HARVARD SQUARE
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

LIFE'S Camps for Needy Children

(Continued from page 31)

Chas. W. Kliersath, Hoboken, N. J.	\$5.00
Wm. C. Frank, Woodmere, N. Y.	5.00
J. Roy Allen, New York	5.00
F. W. K., New York	20.00
E. C., East Orange, N. J.	5.00
Chas. Heebner, Philadelphia	10.00
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B. B. Schneider, Jr., So. Orange, N. J.	25.00
Louis O. Ginn, Alleghany, Va.	10.00
In Memory of James N. Dickey, June 19, 1918	10.00
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Louis Morris Starr, New York	25.00
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Halford R. Clark, Rochester, N. Y.	5.00
Donald R. Clark, Rochester, N. Y.	5.00
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Donna Bradstreet, Rochester, N. Y.	15.00
Mrs. Fredk. T. Hunt, E. Weymouth, Mass.	5.00
Morley, Wood & Co., Philadelphia	20.00
Mrs. Eugenia B. Herring, New Bedford, Mass.	25.00
A friend, Brookline, Mass.	20.00
William E. Fulton, Waterbury, Conn.	20.00
Mrs. C. E. Taylor, Summit, N. J.	20.00
Donald D. Smith, Detroit, Mich.	20.00
Mrs. John B. Creighton, Brooklyn	5.00
Anonymous, Philadelphia	20.00
A. S., Jr., Hartford	10.00
Miss Lillian Bernstein, New York	20.00
Mrs. Charles Jackson, Dover, Mass.	50.00
Newton Annis, Detroit, Mich.	10.00
C. A. G., Atlantic City	10.00
Emily G. Hopkinson, Merion, Pa.	5.00
Dr. C. B. Whitcomb, Brooklyn	10.00
Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Everett, Jr., Boston	5.00
Margaret E. Woddrop, Arcola, N. J.	10.00
Blanche Adler, Baltimore	20.00
Mrs. Pierre Gaillard, Washington, D. C.	10.00
P. Sawyer, New York	25.00
Judge and Mrs. Edward R. Finch, New York	10.00
In Memory of A. M. B.	20.00
Robert Bridges, New York	10.00
In Memory of Arthur V. Savage	10.00
W. P. Jackson, Brig. Gen., U. S. A. Boston	20.00
W. M. Gaylord, Easthampton, Mass.	1.00
Mr. and Mrs. D. Journeaux, Audubon, N. J.	10.00

\$6,711.17

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation for the past forty-one years. In that time it has expended \$419,278.00 and has given a happy holiday in the country to 51,000 poor city children.

Twenty dollars, approximately, pays for such a holiday for some poor child from the crowded, hot city. Won't you help?

Contributions (which are acknowledged in LIFE about four weeks after their receipt) should be made payable to LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND, and sent to 598 Madison Avenue, New York.



New Model Pocket Ben

The
Westclox
watch!

FOR sturdiness, for reliability, day in and day out, you can't beat the new model Pocket Ben—and it's mighty good looking, too!

Millions depend on it. So can you . . . Sold everywhere for \$1.50.

Built by the makers of
Big Ben and other Westclox

WESTERN CLOCK COMPANY
La Salle, Illinois



New Westclox Auto Clock

Attractive, convenient,
reliable. Fits any car.
Quickly attached on dash
or above wind-shield

RHYMED REVIEWS

Ambition

By Arthur Train. Charles Scribner's Sons

WHEN Simon Kent had served his term
In Harvard's sacred halls of learning
He joined a mammoth lawyer firm
And soon was ably up and earning.

He rashly married fair Clarice,
A social climber smooth as honey
Who could not let him work in peace,
Demanding quick and easy money.

She gained him clients left and right
Through sex appeal and artful graces;
He forged ahead with all his might
And won a lot of doubtful cases.

In several years—from which it looks
As though his legal mind moved
slowly—
He found his firm were subtle crooks
Involved in practices unholy.

In spite of all their fine pretense
Their vaunted ethics did not stop them
From fabricating evidence;
So honest Simon had to drop them.

And when he found his wife had lied
Like Ananias and Sapphira
He asked her please to step aside
And clear the way for lovely Vira.

At first Clarice refused to quit;
But social life as Simon planned it
Was such a dreary counterfeit
That no ambitious wife could stand it.

And so she'll get a French divorce
To marry something rich and sappy;
The other two will wed, of course,
And make the gentle reader happy.

Arthur Guiterman.

TAKING NO CHANCES

"Let me see. I have the shirt on with the plain laundry mark. Ditto the collar. I have the suit on with my tailor's name in it, and the bill in my pocket. I have six letters that came in the day's mail. Also my bank book. Then besides, Billy Magoon, who is going to bring his brother-in-law, who is going to bring his uncle, who knows the superintendent of mails, is to meet me at the post office at one o'clock. So I don't suppose I will have any trouble cashing that dollar-and-a-half money order."

John Heintz.

SENATOR HEFLIN modestly says that if he hadn't been so busy he would have kept the Marines from being sent to Nicaragua. If the estimable Senator minded his own business a little bit more he wouldn't be so busy.



to the WISE smoker



HERE's a little gem of wisdom for the man who wants the best that smoking can give him—a healthy, protected mouth means a cool, joyous smoke. There's a lot in that thought. There won't be much opportunity for the first smoke to bite or growl, or for the last one to be sour or bitter—every puff will hit the spot, if you will just give your mouth the care that it deserves. If you make Squibb's Dental Cream an intimate rite in your smoking routine.

For Squibb's not only puts your mouth in a healthy condition but, by depositing tiny particles of Milk of Magnesia in the mouth crevices, it keeps it so. At night it relieves any possible irritation or distaste. 40c at any druggist's.

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EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

When you mistake
a penny for a dime and get a scornful
look from the hat check boy . . . be
nonchalant . . . light a MURAD Cigarette.



© P. Lorillard Co.,
Est. 1760

HOTEL SYRACUSE SYRACUSE, N.Y.

EVERY metropolitan service is provided in this new and modern 600 room hotel. All outside rooms—with bath. Rates from 3.00 up. Sample rooms 4.00 up.

Excellent
Dining
Rooms

Two
Good
Cities

POWERS HOTEL ROCHESTER, N.Y.

Recently modernized and refurnished. Large rooms—new baths—lamps on beds. In heart of banking and business area. Noted for its hospitality and good food. 300 rooms from 2.25 up.

Both under the direction of
ROY P. BRAINARD

Two
Good
Hotels

REVIVED

A Scot spent a week-end in London and wished to see one of the most famous expensive restaurants in town, without, however, paying a bill. He walked into the restaurant, ordered a glass of water, had a good look round, and then prepared to leave. The manager, who had been watching him suspiciously, came up and said: "Look here, you come in here, order a glass of water, and then calmly walk out."
"Well," said the Scot, "you could hardly expect me to stagger out after a glass of water."
—Tatler (London).

A THOUGHT FOR TOMORROW

A SINGLE atom, properly harnessed, will do all the world's work sometime, a scientist tells us. If we were such a rip-tearing atom as that, we wouldn't work unless we wanted to.

—Kansas City Star.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER recently gave a children's party. A good dime was had by all.

—New York Sun.

ONE ROSE LEAF

DELICATE and cool upon the dust
Of traveled streets it lay,
Like a pink shell left on the sand
Where late the tide held sway.

A fragile thing and eloquent!
Not of forlorn, enchanted seas,
But of a far, wind-haunted garden,
Bright with bees.

—Chicago Daily News.

GENTLEMAN GENE

"If I wasn't a lady I'd like to sock Tunney on his ear."—Letter to Liberty Magazine.
It seems to us that the ideal kind of person to be, when socking Tunney on the ear, is a lady.
—New Yorker.

CAMPAIGN literature is fiction the plot of which is disclosed by the opposing party.
—Arkansas Gazette.

They Don't Stay Fat



Nor do they starve

Look about in any circle. Note how slenderness prevails. People gain fat, just as always, but they don't stay fat. They correct the abnormal condition.

Some years ago science discovered a cause of excess fat. It lies in an under-active gland which largely controls nutrition. After thousands of experiments on animals, a way was found to combat that deficiency. Physicians the world over now employ it in obesity.

That method is embodied in Marmola prescription tablets. People have used them for 20 years—millions of boxes of them. Year by year the use has grown as users told others the results. Now people see them wherever they look. Slender figures which once were fat. Active people who once were sluggish. Be wise enough to follow their example.

One simply takes four tablets daily until weight comes down to normal. No abnormal exercise or diet is required, though moderation helps.

The method is not secret. The Marmola formula appears in every box, also the scientific reasons for all good effects. You know what you are taking, and why.

Go try the method which has done so much. Marmola could not hold its high place for 20 years without doing what you want done. And doing that in a right and helpful way. Follow the example of the folks you envy. Start today.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at \$1 per box. Any druggist who is out will order from his jobber.

MARMOLA
Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce



IT'S A SERIOUS JOKE

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE.

SIR:

All in all, the new LIFE is a great improvement, but I don't like the black lines that you put between the columns. They make the page ugly, and don't serve any purpose that I can think of—although when they are used to box off one of those little jokes of five or six lines they make it easier to tell when you come to the end of it.

The column called "Little Rambles with Serious Thinkers" is an inspiration; but it is apt to work its undoing, for if our philosophers-at-large take to reading it they may cut down their supply of banalities. Then there would be nothing for it but to resort to the output of dependables like Senator Heflin as a steady diet, which would be pretty lean fodder. On second thought, though, winged words are scattered about pretty generously by the great gratis teachers.

You seldom succeed in squeezing as much pure humor on a page as when you turn it over to Mr. F. G. Cooper for one of his lilting lectures.

Lastly, what is all this about Will Rogers? You are confusing. If it is all a great big joke, why not explain it, so that we your public can work up a chuckle or two over it? If not, what is it?

RAND M. THOMPSON.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

FREE READERS

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE.

SIR:

I think that something should be written or done about the people who continually come up to a news-stand and worry the person in charge by reading newspapers or magazines, and never buy one. There have been jokes written about every other type of nuisance—about Scotchmen, politicians, crooks, saxophone players, etc., but not once have I seen anything written to discourage these free-lunch hounds.

As one who has put up with such pests for a long time, I believe at least that they should be compelled to bring their library cards along.

FRANCIS WELDELE.

EVANSVILLE, IND.

AND WHY NOT?

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE.

SIR:

How about a Confidential Guide to dance music?

T. E. WATKINS.

VICTORIA, B. C.

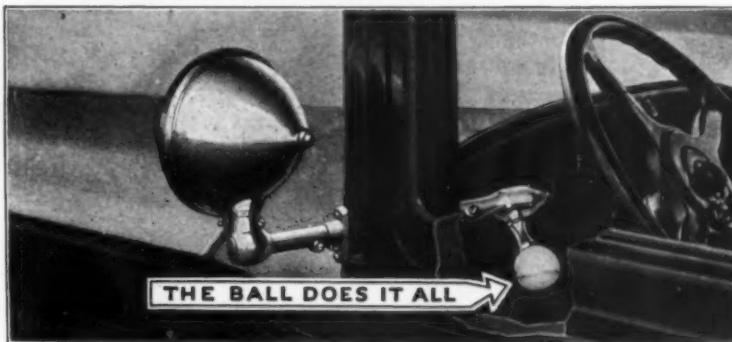
The Sport-lite

Universal Motion—Controlled Within the Car

The Improvement on Driving Lights

A wonderful 3000 foot path of light wherever wanted—just like pointing your finger—Front, Back, Up, Down, Sideways, Anywhere.

Complies with all legal restrictions.



Distributed by Packard Automobile Factory, Hupmobile Motor Car Company and the best automobile and accessory dealers everywhere.

\$25.00

Mfd. by UNITY MANUFACTURING CO.

\$17.50

2017 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois



The X-Ray at last solves the Mystery of Mr. Greensfee's phenomenal putting.

Greensfee's drives were rotten. His iron shots could have been executed better with a pool cue. But on the green he looked like the open champion! Finally, the handicap committee put one of Greensfee's golf balls under the X-Ray, with the above findings. Needless to say he was expelled from the club for unsportsmanlike conduct.

We choose this opportunity to state that we positively will not put magnets in our golf balls. The association won't stand for it. Besides, it isn't necessary. Wilson colored balls are perfectly centred and go where you send them. And their higher visibility means that you'll send 'em right, in the first place.

HOL-HI a thoroughbred in performance

\$1.00 each - - - \$10.75 per dozen

DURA-DIST guaranteed for 72 holes

75 cents each - - - \$9.00 per dozen

CHEERIO guaranteed for 54 holes

50 cents each - - - \$6.00 per dozen

ASK YOUR PRO OR DEALER

Wilson

GOLF EQUIPMENT

WILSON-WESTERN SPORTING GOODS CO.
New York - Chicago - San Francisco

SEE the marvelous PANAMA CANAL



en route to CALIFORNIA

Go via the wonderful Panama Canal, engineering marvel of the world. See sparkling Havana, Caribbean Metropolis, en route. Cool breezes all the way.

Reduced summer rates NOW. Fortnightly sailings. Largest, fastest ships. Ask for literature describing special round trips One Way Water—One Way Rail.



Passenger Dept., No. 1 Broadway, New York, or any S.S. or R.R. agent.

Panama Pacific Line

INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE COMPANY

Chew DENTYNE ...and smile!



When you smile, it's your teeth that people notice. Keep them white and glistening — and be proud to let your smile reveal that pearly sparkle. And Dentyne, so firm and smooth and delicious, is the chewing gum especially made to keep teeth polished white and make your smile more charming.

• K E E P S T E E T H W H I T E •

HOW BRIGHT SPOTS ARE PROVIDED

Those purple hours
Romanticists write about
Probably happen
When a red letter day
Falls on a blue Monday.

—Arkansas Gazette.

MIDDLE AGE is that period in life when your idea of getting ahead is staying even.

—Ohio State Journal.



Abbott's
BITTERS

Use a Tablespoon in a Glass of Ginger Ale or Water. A Good Tonic and Palatable.

Sample of Bitters by mail 25 cts.

C. W. ABBOTT & CO.
Baltimore, Md.

FAMOUS SAYINGS OF EVERYDAY MEN

"Well, if half the country can stand him I guess I can, too."

"I don't like to talk about myself, but—"

"I ain't a bettin' man but I'll just go you ten."

"When I get good and ready I'm gonna put my money into a good machine."

"All the good actors seem to be dead."

"We weren't going an inch over twenty miles an hour."

"What! Another pair of shoes?"

"My boy is the cutest little cuss. This morning he—"

"Ain't this the limit?"

"Gee whiz!"

"Ouch!"

—C. A. Leedy, in Youngstown Telegram.

"That farm of mine ought to be going up in value," asserted a local far-sighted optimist the other evening. "It is now on a main detour to town."—Detroit News.

With two such men as Hoover and Smith in the lists the country, for once, cannot lose.
—Argonaut.

Emotions in the Tiergarten

In Hagenbeck's palatial zoo

The military music played,

I'll half of Hamburg trembled to

The blasts of Schubert's Serenade.

The flying birds with wings well clipped

Beat vainly on their breasts to flight,

The beer-born tears of burghers dripped

With Schwärmerei and Innigkeit.

With hopeless paw the polar bear

Tested again his barricade;

A lion's roaring grieved the air,

Disturbing Schubert's Serenade.

And on their concrete mountain ledge

Tibetan tahr's posed figurant,

And round and round his puddle's edge

Blubbered the vast sea-elephant.

"Escape! Escape!" was all I heard

Behind each certain palisade.

I really never felt so stirred

On hearing Schubert's Serenade.

Morris Bishop.

WORTHWHILE political slogan—

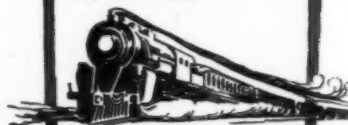
"On the fence is out."

Stops All Travel Sickness

preventing nausea, faintness, headaches, dizziness and nervous exhaustion.



"Mothersill's" will make your journey by sea, train, auto or air comfortable, pleasant and free from distress.



For over 30 years leading physicians and travelers have enthusiastically endorsed its use.

75c. & \$1.50 at Drug Stores or direct

THE MOTHERSILL REMEDY CO., Ltd.
New York, Montreal, London, Paris



(((Sturdy-but gentle)))



The Big Fellow—newest of all New Improved Gillettes—heavily gold or silver plated, with ten Gillette Blades (twenty shaving edges) . . . \$5.00



NEW STANDARD. This remains one of the most popular of all New Improved models. Similar in design to the Big Fellow but with a slightly shorter handle. Genuine leather covered case, lined with purple velvet and satin. Razor and blade box are heavily plated in gold or silver. Complete with ten Gillette Blades (twenty shaving edges). Price \$5.00.

THE BIG FELLOW is longer in handle and heavier in head—a man-sized fistful of beautifully machined and finished metal—and how gently and easily it shaves! The extra size and heft add their weight to the smooth sure blade.

It's time you discovered the face value of the New Improved Gillette. It changes your whole attitude toward your morning shave; instead of a disagreeable chore, it's a sport, an art, a daily ritual of pleasure.

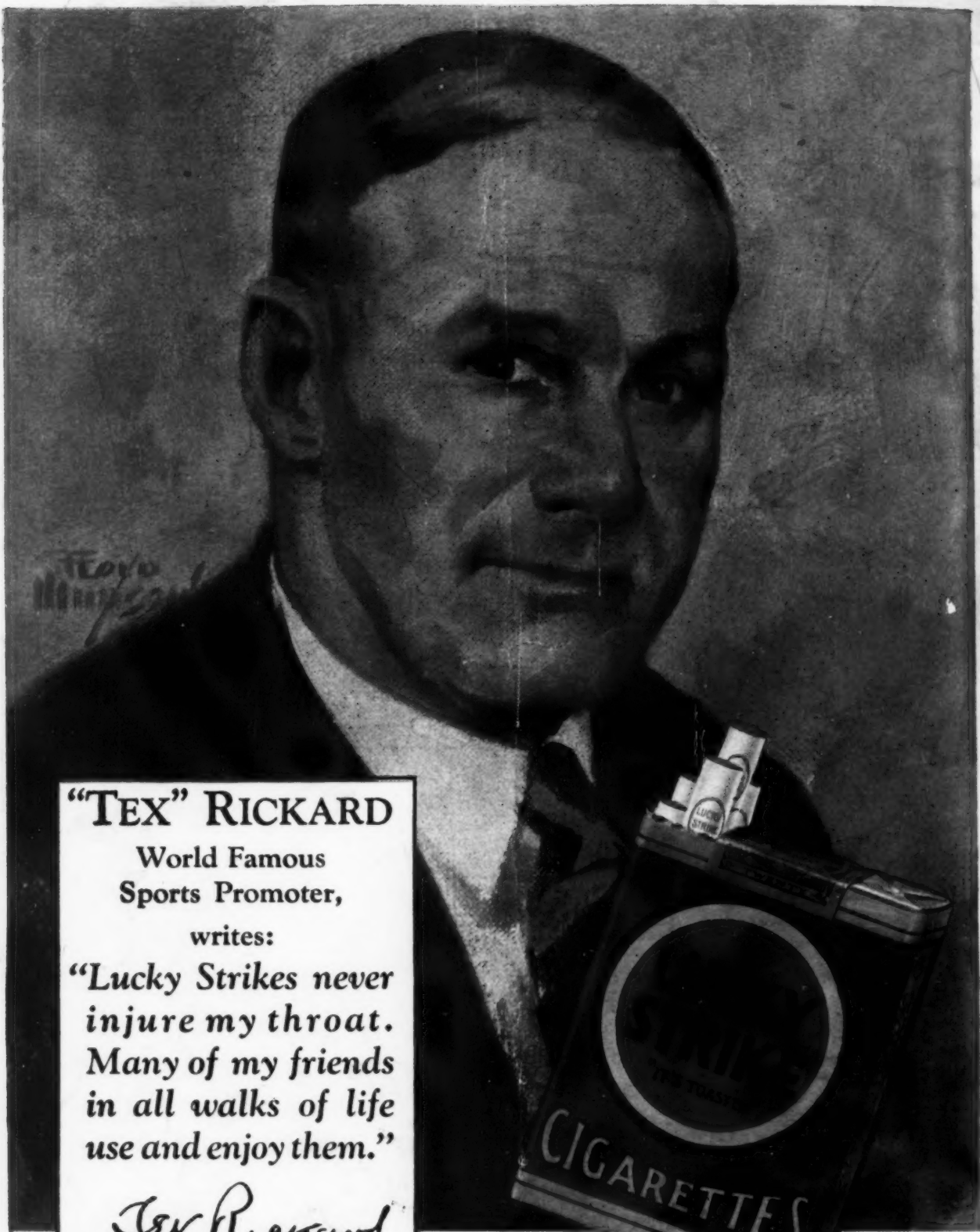
Gillette Safety Razor Co., Boston, U. S. A.

THE NEW IMPROVED
Gillette
SAFETY RAZOR

FIVE TO SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLARS



TUCKAWAY All the essentials of Gillette Shaving comfort packed into the smallest possible space. The Tuckaway takes almost no room in an overnight bag—slips conveniently into a pocket like a cigarette case. Heavily plated case in silver or gold, lined with purple velvet and satin. Complete with ten Gillette Blades (twenty shaving edges). Price \$5.00.



"TEX" RICKARD

World Famous
Sports Promoter,

writes:

*"Lucky Strikes never
injure my throat.
Many of my friends
in all walks of life
use and enjoy them."*

Tex Rickard

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"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation No Cough.

*The Cream
of the Tobacco
Crop*